HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XL.—No. 2068.

Copyright, 1896, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1896.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

NOT FOR THEM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 8, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,

WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,

GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, August 1 to November 7, Inclusive, will be mailed on receipt of One Dollar.

"It would be a good thing for Eastern people to send copies of this campaign edition of HARPER'S WEEKLY *to all their friends in the West and South, particularly in those States termed doubtful."*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE POPULISTS.

THE reports of the National Convention of the People's Party at St. Louis would have read like a burlesque had not the origin and purpose of the convention itself been so serious a thing. The appearance in the great national council of a political party of so many queer and unsophisticated people, so dreadfully in earnest, so evidently unaccustomed to orderly parliamentary proceedings, and so impetuous in their zeal; so restlessly suspicious of every word or motion the purpose of which they did not clearly see through, and yet so easily beguiled by any clever trick; and conspicuous in this strange gathering such picturesquely absurd persons as "Cyclone" DAVIS and "Calamity" WELLER and several others, who popped up from the whirling mass for a single moment and then disappeared again—all this produced an effect singularly comical, and at the same time pathetic. There was something peculiarly weird and wild about it which we had never seen before on any similar occasion. Indeed, some such strange characters had already appeared at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. But there they had been under the control of crafty and experienced politicians, who, although they could not altogether tame their vehement ardor, yet in the main directed it for their own ends. In the Populist convention at St. Louis the odd, fantastic element found itself at home, on its own stamping-ground. Of the two conventions, that at St. Louis was the most significant, because the most sincere. It was in the main composed of men who really believe that human society is suffering from some direful ills brought upon it by a formidable, dark, hostile power, and that the Populists are the men to save it, and, by various contrivances they have devised, to overrule the artful and iniquitous laws or principles of political economy and finance which that dark power has invented to enslave the common people. Thus the Populist convention offered a fine subject for psychological study; but the thought that the people composing that assemblage might become a ruling power in our government may well make one's blood run cold.

The platform adopted at St. Louis is substantially identical with the Omaha platform made by the Populists four years ago—only that the latter was a little more lurid in its description of the dreadful condition of human affairs generally, saying, "A vast conspiracy against mankind has been organized in the continents, and is gradually taking possession of the world." The St. Louis platform contents itself with denouncing "corporate monopolies," the "European money-changers," and the "plutocracy" that have been "enthroned upon the ruins of Democracy." The platform made by the Democrats at Chicago agrees with the original principles of the Populists on many points. It demands the free coinage of silver without regard to the rest of the world. It demands the prohibition of the sale of bonds for gold. It condemns the national banks. It demands that all paper money be issued directly by the government. It demands an income tax. It denounces the Supreme Court, and the interference of the general government with local disturbances. It demands the restriction of the freedom of private contract as to money payments. It demands that the government shall have its choice as to paying its obligations in gold or silver. It demands the rejection of all terms offered in settlement of the debts of the Pacific railroads, and that the authority of the government over the railroads be indefinitely extended. It demands that the Territories still existing be speedily admitted as States.

Most of these Democratic demands are substantially copied from the old Populist platforms. But the Populists are honest enough to carry them to their logical consequences. They demand "a national money issued by the general government, to be a full legal tender," without saying anything of redemption, not even in silver—the genuine fiat article. And they demand "that the volume of circulating medium be speedily increased to an amount sufficient to meet the demands of the business population, and to restore the just level of prices of labor and production"—in other words, that the government keep on issuing "national money" of the irredeemable paper kind until the Populists think they have enough of it, and until the price of everything they have to sell has risen high enough to suit them. This is logical and sincere; it is what the new Democratic policy must necessarily come to. If we want "more money," then the more the better. If we want "cheap money," then the cheaper the better. There cannot be too much of a good thing. Then as to banks, the Democrats are only opposed to the national banks—as Mr. BRYAN put it, instead of the government going out of the banking business, "the banks ought to go out of the government business." Here again the Populists are more logical and thorough. They demand that postal savings-banks be established by the government, not only "for the safe deposit of the savings of the people," but "to facilitate exchanges," that is, to do regular banking business; the result of which will, of course, be, and is intended to be, that the private banks will not be able to compete with the government banks, and that the whole banking business will fall into the hands of the government. The distribution of the "national money" among the people, too, is to be very simple; it will be "direct to the people and through the lawful disbursements of the government," which disbursements must, of course, be so arranged as to facilitate a plentiful distribution. As to the railroads also the Populists know what they are about. The railroads having by the "tyranny and political power" exercised by them "impaired, if not destroyed, the political rights and personal liberties of the citizen," they must be owned and run by the government, to make them harmless and beneficial, and a beginning ought to be made with the Pacific railroads that cannot pay their debts. The telegraphs, too, must be owned and operated by the government "in the interest of the people." That, if all these things are done, this government will be the most "paternalistic" in the world, does not trouble the Populists, for as they will have the power, they trust themselves to be good and wise "fathers." But while they trust themselves, they are far from trusting the people's representatives in Congress or in the State Legislatures. These representatives, even if elected by the Populists themselves, may be seduced and corrupted by the money power. The Populists therefore favor "a system of direct legislation through the initiative and referendum, under proper constitutional safeguards."

That such political philosophers should originally have been averse to taking a candidate for the Presidency who was already nominated by one of the old parties is very natural. Most of them could, however, be persuaded to adopt Mr. BRYAN, who on various occasions had proved himself a "good enough Populist," and who could claim the merit of having been largely instrumental in making the Democracy a good enough Populist party. They were also attracted by the prospect of effecting at once, through co-operation with the Democratic party, free-silver coinage and an eventual inflation of the government paper currency. But they could not stomach Mr. SEWALL, the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, a railroad magnate, a national banker, in short, a "monopolist" of the deepest dye. To get rid of him, and at the same time to test the genuineness of Mr. BRYAN'S Populism, the radical wing of the philosophers resorted to what they thought a sly trick: they made the nomination for the Vice-Presidency first, selecting a true-blue Populist, TOM WATSON, of Georgia. Would Mr. BRYAN take the Populist nomination with WATSON, or stick to SEWALL as the only legitimate tail to the BRYAN ticket? The position of Mr. BRYAN was at first sight awkward and the situation confused. We may have occasion to say something more about this. But there is little doubt that all the free-coinage forces will at last be practically united, and that the sound-money men will have to fight a combination, the victory of which would surely lead at least to a wild attempt to carry the principles of the Populist platform into effect. What confusion and disaster such an attempt would bring upon the American people nobody can foretell.

DEMOCRATS AND THEIR DUTY.

MR. McKINLEY is and will remain the only gold-standard and law-and-order candidate for the Presidency who has any chance of success, and however distasteful to patriotic sound-money Democrats he and his party may be, it is their duty to support him.

There is a good deal more involved in the present campaign than the money standard. If it were only that, the American citizen who desires prosperity for his countrymen, and a high place among civilized commercial powers for his country, might contemplate with regret, but without despair, the prospect, slight as it is, of the triumph of Mr. BRYAN and the advocates of the free coinage of silver. But Mr. BRYAN and the free-silver men cannot triumph alone. M. BRYAN has more comrades and entertains other principles. There would accompany him to Washington ALTGELD, TILLMAN, WATSON, WEAVER, COXEY, DEBS, and the horde of political and socialistic tramps who have been for years past waking the echoes of the country with their demands that the government shall make their circumstances easy, and that without labor or forethought on their own part. They wish not only to be able to pass their days in talking politics and philosophy at the cross-roads grocery, but meanwhile to be fed, without expense to themselves, on the grocer's crackers and cheese.

This campaign on the part of Mr. BRYAN and his followers is a war on the nation's honor, for the triumph of the communistic and Populistic candidate would mean the repudiation of the nation's obligations. It is also a war on property; for if the demands of the Populists be satisfied, everything saleable will be made of less value than it is. It is a war on thrift and prosperity, for the dissatisfied followers of Mr. BRYAN would immediately adopt a policy that would discourage the accumulation of savings, and would suspend all effort to develop the natural resources of the country. If Mr. BRYAN should be elected, industry would lapse into idleness, railroads would stop increasing their facilities or repairing and renewing their roadways and rolling stock, factories would close, merchants would fail, and working men and women would be thrown out of employment, while the title of American citizen would become a term of reproach and shame. This is the truth of the situation as it would be if Mr. BRYAN were elected President, and the only light in the dark picture comes from the fact that the reign of communism would be brief.

Under these circumstances it is so clearly the duty of patriotic sound-money Democrats to help to defeat Mr. BRYAN that such an impatient utterance as that which Mr. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY gave to the press a few days ago shocks those who realize the full significance of the crisis. To say that Democrats cannot act with the Republicans to save the country from disgrace and dishonor because the Republicans have not cordially welcomed their assistance, or because Republicans continue to believe in protection, although they postpone the tariff to the money question, is like saying that one will not aid in the advancement of Christianity because there are jealous hypocrites in the high places of the church. The truth is that while voting for Mr. McKINLEY this year, or helping to elect him by voting for a third and hopeless candidate, may not necessarily be a sign of high-mindedness and great self-abnegation on the part of a Democrat, it will be an evidence of good citizenship; while voting for Mr. BRYAN because of a rooted general dislike of Republicanism and the Republican candidate will be the outward sign of an inward pettiness and of a moral degeneracy with which we do not believe that Mr. WHITNEY, or, indeed, many men in his position, are afflicted.

It is true that Democrats who acknowledge the duty that circumstances have thrust upon them will be subject to annoyance during the campaign, and will not relish the situation. The situation is unpleasant to every one. It is not wholly pleasant to the Republicans themselves. One cannot expect much enjoyment or comfort during a summer passed in efforts to save the country from the assaults of communists. Every American of sense and patriotic feeling is disturbed and humiliated, not only by the war that the Populists are waging against thrift, and by the ignorance which seeks in the election of Mr. BRYAN a remedy for unpropitious industrial and economic conditions, but by such selfish greed as was displayed by the glass-workers who recently called on Mr. McKINLEY with the plea that he prefer their business interests to the nation's honor. It is very difficult

for conscientious Democrats to vote for Mr. McKinley, or to follow, even for the time being, the leadership of Hanna and Quay; but it is their duty as patriots to defeat Mr. Bryan, and the most effective way to accomplish that result is by voting for Mr. McKinley.

We are sure that the men of the West and South who are urging the nomination of another Democratic ticket are not moved by small and partisan considerations. They are calling a convention for the purpose of naming a sound-money Democrat in order that as many votes as possible may be diverted from Mr. Bryan. Certainly they do not share in the sentiment that the cause for which Mr. McKinley stands is to be risked because they regard Republicans as disagreeable political comrades. The Democrat who believes in sound money, who recognizes it to be his duty to do all in his power to maintain the nation's honor, and who thinks that there is the slightest danger of the triumph of the Chicago ticket, owes it to his country to sink temporarily his prejudices and his political principles touching other subjects, and to vote for Mr. McKinley.

POPOCRATS AND DEMULISTS.

Somebody has proposed, as the title of the new party composed at Chicago, the term "Popocracy," and Popocrat as an apt and convenient designation for a member of the same. There are philological objections to "Popocrat." It is one of those Græco-Roman hybrids that would undoubtedly have made Quintilian stare and gasp. Readers of the late E. A. Freeman will remember the painful and apparently dangerous effect that a vocable of like concoction had upon him. The word "sociology" it was with which he apologized for sullying his pen, and which seemed almost to threaten his reason.

But this crisis is no time for philological sentiment. Verbal niceties must give way to the public good, and if Popocrat were an accurate and likely to be a useful designation, only a few dudes and pharisees of the East would object to it upon the score of its formation. A Popocrat is clearly an adherent of Popocracy, and the question immediately arises, what is Popocracy? It is not government by the people, which is democracy. It cannot be government by the Pope, which is especially revolting to the A. P. A., a large proportion of which is yearning in the direction of Bryan. It must be government by pop. This designation would be accepted with gratitude by the Prohibitionists, who will no doubt be eventually swung into line for the candidate who has always abstained from spirituous liquor and tobacco.

But pop denotes not only an innocent though effervescent beverage, it also and primarily designates a small explosion, as in the well-known instance of the weasel, and it is from this explosion, according to the best etymologists, that the beverage takes its name. Taking this definition, Popocracy would mean government by explosion. Nobody who has observed how the business either of the Chicago or the later St. Louis Convention was carried on will be disposed to question the justice of the explanation. If it be accepted, it will have the advantage of at once embracing Mr. John Most and his followers, who were inadequately provided for at Chicago, having their distinctive principle of homicidal mania recognized only in the plank in favor of free riot.

If the title of the new party is to be formed by a fusion of its component parts, it seems to us that there is something to be said in favor of another composition. Demulist is as mouth-filling a word as Popocrat; it is not so obviously a hybrid, and the arrangement of its syllables more clearly denotes the nature of the combination, for in the word, as in the fact, it is the Populistic tail that wags the Democratic dog. Not that we would advocate the disuse of the word Popocrat. There is a shade of meaning in each word which makes it valuable. For example, the emancipated cracker of the South, of whom Tillman is the pleasing exemplar, is manifestly a Popocrat, while the old-time Democrats of the same section, the ancient Colonel Bungstarters, who have been inoculated of late with the free-silver bacillus, and who try to draw the line at it, are as evidently Demulists. Bryan is clearly a Popocrat, while Sewall is as clearly a Demulist. The eminent George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts, would seem to be a sudden Popocrat, if some of his symptoms did not indicate that he had been invaded by a microbe all his own. Purroy and Sulzer and Sheehan showed signs of Demulism on their return. Whether Senator David B. Hill, who announced once more, so lately as the Chicago Convention, that he was a Democrat, is or is not incubating Demulism is one of the most interesting questions of current political diagnostics.

A MIGHTY POWER IN THE LAND.

The savings-banks used to have a literature quite their own, in the middle years of the century, when writers of a certain class of popular fiction viewed those exceedingly practical institutions sentimentally as the means through which the poor man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow could save money enough to build a home and plant a vine. In this busy generation the building and loan associations have served just this purpose rather more effectively than the savings-banks, though the T. S. Arthurs and that kind of sentimental writing have both gone out of fashion. What a power these associations have become in the United States was shown lately when the fourth annual convention of their National League was held in Philadelphia, which may be called, above all other cities, the City of Building and Loan Associations. Representatives of no fewer than six thousand local societies took part in this convention; and estimating the membership of each society at only one hundred, which is of course an absurdly small figure, it will be seen that a formidable influence in favor of honest money and the support of the national credit has slowly grown out of the societies that were started in Philadelphia half a century ago.

The growth of the idea was slow, and was doubtless retarded more or less by the failure of certain other mutual benefit societies which were based upon ground less solid. The building and loan association as it now exists everywhere in this country, whether formed on the Philadelphia plan or the Dayton plan, which differ in no material way, is a rational and effective means of investing the savings of a working-man and of securing to him the ownership of a home. The investor receives a larger return for the use of his money than he can get from any other safe investment, and is, moreover, a part of the scheme himself, a member of a society formed both to save money and to encourage the saving of it by others, and to lend it at profitable interest, and the influence of the work is with him always.

The building and loan associations connected with the United States League have assets of nearly $500,000,000, while their yearly receipts are about $200,000,000, and they pay out every year for withdrawals and matured shares at least $75,000,000. Each State has its general organization of associations for the purpose of securing needed legislation and protection, while the National League itself, which was first heard of by that part of the American public that does not belong to building and loan associations at Chicago in the Columbian year, contains representatives of all. There are no available statistics to show the recent growth of the associations, but it is not likely that the proportions of membership have changed greatly since 1892, when Labor Commissioner Wright found that seven per cent. of the members were bookkeepers, accountants, etc., five per cent. men and women engaged in professional pursuits, sixteen per cent. owners of shops and stores, and seventy-two per cent. "wage-earners." The classification is not quite satisfactory, for surely they are all wage-earners, except those who own the shops and stores and pay wages. At least eighty per cent. of the members are men, and a large proportion of them have votes to cast next November. It is a matter for public congratulation this year that the building and loan associations collectively, and their members individually, are strongly and militantly in favor of sound money and opposed to repudiation.

LICENSED FILIBUSTERS.

The history of the chartered company in South Africa, from its inauguration down to the miserable disclosures of the Jameson trial, proves the folly of intrusting the government of a country to a corporation whose one aim is to raise the price of its shares fictitiously on the Stock-Exchange. One would have thought that the East India Company had at least taught England that financial oligarchies do not make the best rulers of dependencies of the crown. From beginning to end the South African company has been an "organized hypocrisy"; it has been bolstered up by lying prospectuses and a servile press; when failure was certain in one quarter it lured investors by promises of success in another; it has only kept its head above water by trading on the credulity and patriotism of the English people, who are wofully ready to believe anything that a son-in-law to the Prince of Wales, a Conservative duke, and a privy-councillor tell them. Having made desperate and unprofitable ventures in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, and having tried and failed to break into the Portuguese settlements, the company invaded the Transvaal.

On Jameson's defeat they organized a campaign of lies. First it was said that Jameson and his troopers had galloped to the rescue of English women and children; that, starving and without ammunition, they had only surrendered to the Boers after thirty-six hours' fighting and the death of nearly all their men. That turned out to be a mistake. There were no women or children in danger; and for the rest, the heroes marched out at the rate of three miles an hour, with food supplies placed at intervals along the route; and their skirmish with the Boers resulted apparently in the death of a dozen or so men. Then came the statement that the raid was undertaken to remove the intolerable grievances of the Uitlanders—another mistake. Then came Rhodes's denial of all knowledge of the raid; then the publication of the cipher telegrams proving that it was he who planned it. Finally it was announced that Rhodes had evidence of a secret treaty between Germany and the Transvaal, and that the object of the raid was to seize the incriminating papers. By her prompt disavowal of Jameson's madness, and by the sentence of imprisonment that has just been passed on him, England has cleared herself of the charge of direct complicity in this invasion of a friendly state. But she cannot escape responsibility for the actions of her agents. Mr. Chamberlain has already deprived the company of all control over the armed force in its territories, and he has forced Cecil Rhodes to resign. But the only adequate reparation that England can make is to take over the powers of administration herself, and to degrade the company to the rank of an ordinary business concern.

WAGE-EARNERS AND SILVER.

The advocates of free silver are appealing chiefly to three classes—the wage-earners, the farmers, and the debtors. They promise an increase of prices to the first two and cheaper money to the third. The cheap money, besides enabling debtors to wipe out their obligations at the rate of fifty cents on the dollar, is also to vivify and stimulate confidence, courage, and hopefulness, and therefore to quicken enterprise, to fill the land with the hum of new industrial establishments. The opportunities for employment are to be greatly increased, and under the influence of a benign economic and monetary condition the manufacturers, merchants, master-mechanics, and the farmers are to open their hearts, and are to increase the rates of wages.

It is essential to the cause of the silver men that the wage-earner should believe this, because higher prices have been promised to those who produce the things that all must buy for sustenance or comfort or pleasure, so that if the working men and women were not to receive higher wages, larger incomes, with the free and independent coinage of silver, it would be a curse to them. They would grow the poorer while the favored producers would be growing richer. And their wages must rise in the same proportion as prices increase if they are to share in the blessings which are promised by Tillman, Altgeld, and Watson, and their candidate for President.

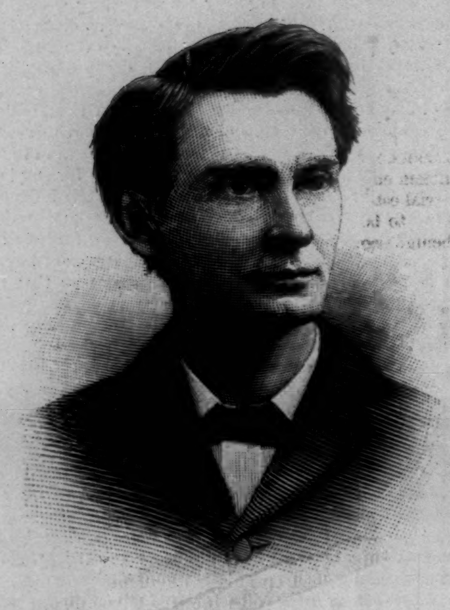
The fact is that not only is the promised prosperity the dream of superheated imaginations or the inventions of dishonest and selfish speculators and mine-owners, but the wage-earner who votes for free silver in the belief that it will better his condition will be the most deceived of all the victims of this war on property, integrity, and thrift. It is a truth established and known, not only by economists, but by practical business men, including the best-informed and most thoughtful of the wage-earners themselves, that wages are the first to fall and the last to rise in times of depression or prosperity. To ask a wage-earner to believe that his employer will advance his wages the moment that the prices of his own products increase is to ask him to believe that Altgeld and Tillman at Chicago and Allen and Peffer at St. Louis have announced a doctrine that will revolutionize human nature by proclaiming Bryan and silver, Watson and Sewall, national dishonor and mob-law, the saviors of society.

The industrial history of the world is filled with instances that demonstrate that the wage-earner will be the greatest sufferer from the evils of a depreciated currency. Not to speak at present of the stoppage of enterprises that will inevitably result from the adoption of an unstable standard of value, from the fears and uncertainties for the future of a country whose money system and industries will then be in the hands of politicians whose cardinal doctrine is that thrift is not necessarily the gain of skill and industry, but may be promoted and compelled by legislation, not to speak of the thousands of working-men who would find themselves without employment on the day after the election of Mr. Bryan, it is the universal experience that at a time of inflated prices wages are the last to rise, and they never rise so high that their purchasing power is as great when commodities are highest as it was when commodities were lowest.

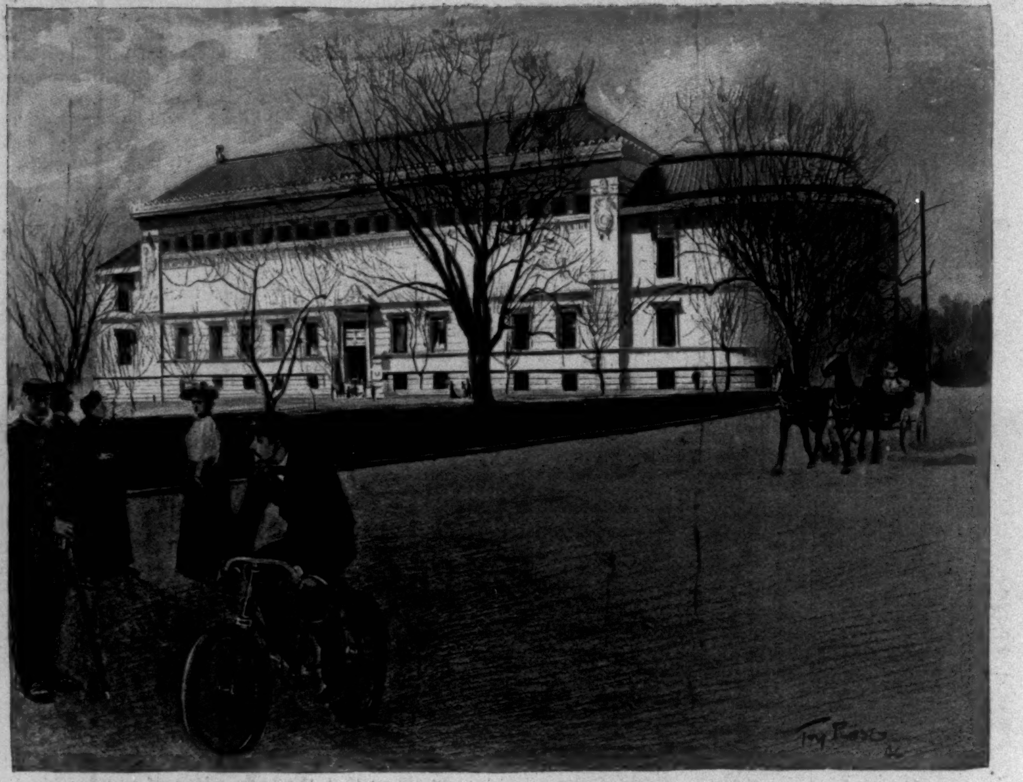
This is the story of industry in all times and in all countries. It was true of our own country when our currency was depreciated paper, and more recently it has been true of Chile, which, after seventeen years of bitter experience with the silver standard, has just adopted the gold standard. In the course of an able and exhaustive report on "the Resumption of Specie Payment in Chile," to which we shall have occasion to refer more than once during the present campaign, Mr. Edward H. Strobel, our minister to Chile, has presented some interesting statistics of the course of wages during the silver period.

The peso is supposed to be worth 45 pence, but in 1875 it was worth 43¾ pence, in 1885 it was worth 26 pence, and in 1895 it was worth but from 13 pence to 17 pence. During this period, while the money of the country was depreciating, and when therefore its purchasing power was growing less, wages increased, but not nearly at the rate at which the peso decreased. In 1875, for example, some mechanics received from 3 to 4½ pesos a day; a carpenter received from 3 to 4 pesos; a laborer, from 1¼ to 1¾ pesos. In 1895 the mechanic who had received from 3 to 4½ pesos received from 4¾ to 6¼, while the carpenter received from 4 to 5, and the laborer from 2¼ to 3. But the higher wages were not worth nearly so much to the recipients as the lower wages had been; for while in 1875 the peso was worth nearly its full value, in 1895 4¾ pesos were equivalent to 1.79, and 6¼ pesos were worth only 2.46 pesos of full value. The laborer, instead of being able to buy the necessaries of life to the value of nearly 1¾ pesos with a day's wage in 1895, procured goods to the value of only about .85 of a peso, although in the first instance his day's wage was 1¼ pesos, and in the latter 2¼ pesos. When he received 1¾ pesos his daily wage purchased for him food and other commodities of the value of about 1.70 pesos; in 1895, when his day's wage was 3 pesos, it purchased only 1.13 pesos' worth of goods.

We do not recite these facts because they are new and exceptional. On the contrary, they are the most modern instance of a universal and unchangeable law, and if by any unhappy chance Mr. Bryan should be elected President, and if the communists and Populists should control the House of Representatives, and Congress should enact a free-coinage law, the wage-earners of our own country would again suffer the hardships that prevailed in the United States during the war, and that have been so recently experienced in Chile.



THOMAS E. WATSON,
Populist Candidate for Vice-President.—[See Page 787.]



THE NEW CORCORAN ART GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Drawn by Guy Rose.

THE NEW CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

WASHINGTON is soon to be graced with another new building that will be a credit to the nation as well as to art. The famous Corcoran Art Gallery, which has long been one of the most interesting sights of the capital, will soon have a new home, with ample facilities for the rapidly growing treasury of art. The new gallery, which was designed by Ernest Flagg, of New York, is now nearing completion, and the trustees of the institution expect to formally open its doors to the public early next spring. It occupies the entire block in Seventeenth Street from New York Avenue to E Street, just below the Navy Department, and facing the grounds of the White House.

The land acquired by the institution includes a plot behind the new structure, and it is intended to enlarge the building in this direction when it shall have outgrown these accommodations. The old gallery, on the block above, will be abandoned as soon as the new quarters are ready for the change, and a plan is on foot to have the government buy it for use as a public building.

The new gallery is an artistic structure. It is built entirely of Georgia white marble, and is of modified Grecian Doric architecture. Within its two stories and basement there will be ample provision for the collections now in the possession of the institution, as well as for any further treasures that may be added for some years to come, while the wing will be given over entirely to the use of the Corcoran School of Art. There will be nine large galleries and six smaller ones at the disposal of the trustees, in addition to the main hall and galleries in the centre of the building. The lower story will be used exclusively for casts, bronzes, and other statuary, and for the administration offices of the institution, while the floor above will be devoted to the exhibition of paintings.

There will be two large studios for the art students in the wing facing New York Avenue, and an auditorium and lecture-hall seating three hundred. The main hall and galleries in the centre of the building will be lighted entirely from the glass roof, the latter being supported by long rows of Doric columns of Caen stone. Another series of columns, of Ionic design, will support the roof.

The main entrance will face Seventeenth Street, while there will be a special entrance on New York Avenue for the use of the art school and auditorium. At either side of the main doorway will lie two bronze lions, modelled after those of Canova on the tomb of Clement XIII., at St. Peter's in Rome, and which now lie at the doorway of the old building. Heavy bronze doors, nearly a foot in thickness, will also guard the treasures within. Directly opposite this entrance will be the main stairway to the upper galleries. This is to be an imposing feature of the interior, its broad easy steps being hedged on either side by statuary.

The whole structure will cost over half a million dollars, while a large part of the institution's income from Mr. Corcoran's million-dollar endowment will be spent for the next few years in improving the new gallery, instead of adding to the collections.

The Corcoran Art Gallery has always been one of the "show-places" of the capital, and in its new home it will be doubly attractive to visitors.

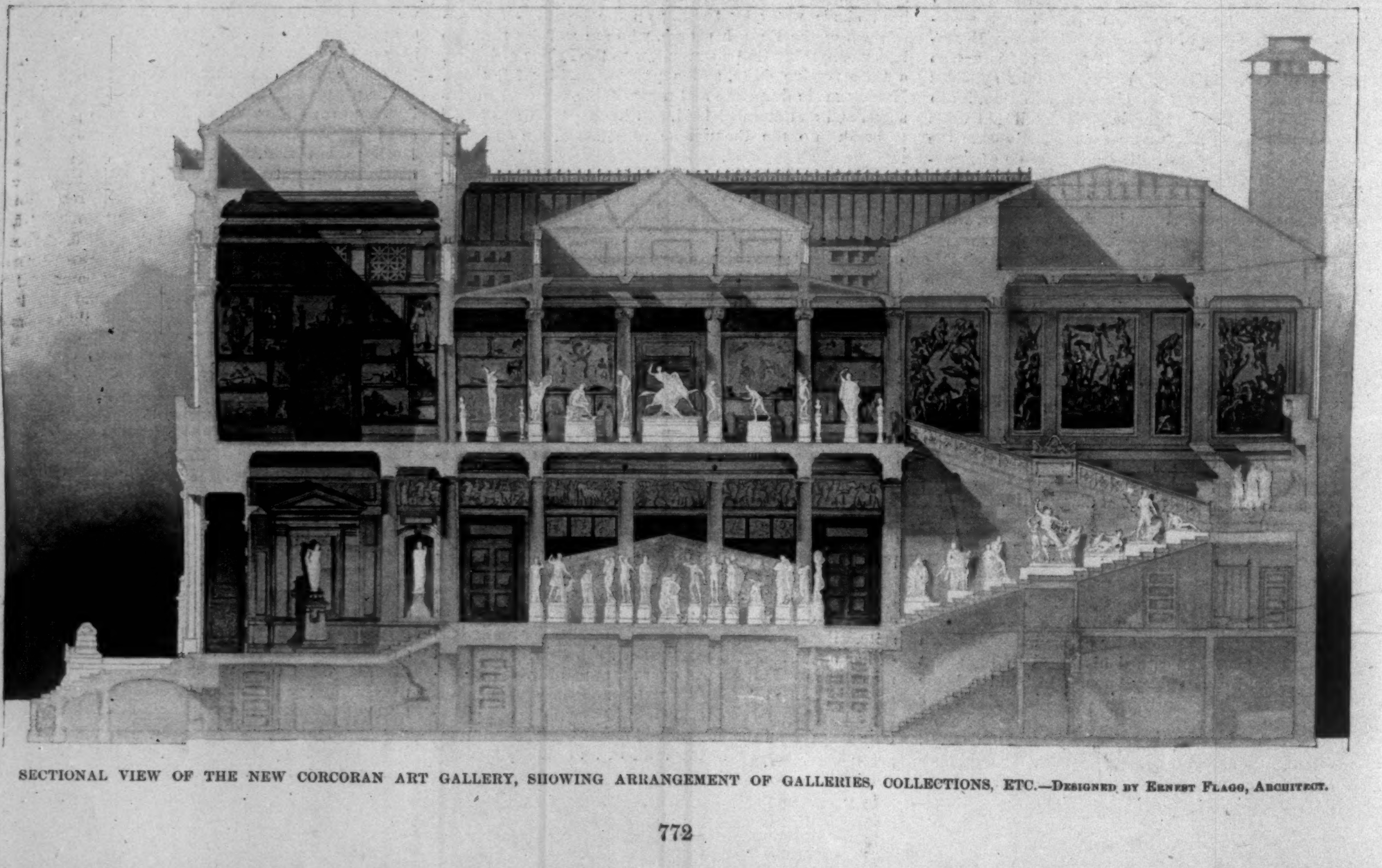
J. PARMLY PARET.

TO THE BICYCLIST BENDING FORWARD.

OH, youth, who, bending forward, rides apace,
With melancholy stamped upon your face,
Pursuing pleasure with a frenzied eye,
Yet mocked by her, however fast you fly,
Are you aware how horrible you look?
No guy invented for a picture-book
Was ever a more painful sight than thou,
Lord of the bent back and the anxious brow.

Oh, sit up straight and try to wear a smile!
Be less intent to pile up mile on mile.
Enjoy the prospect as you glide along,
The trees, the sunshine, and the robin's song.
To us who view you scorching day by day,
Bent on your bar in such an awkward way,
You are the homeliest thing on earth, my lad.
Oh, sit up straight, and make the landscape glad!

ROBERT GRANT.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE NEW CORCORAN ART GALLERY, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF GALLERIES, COLLECTIONS, ETC.—Designed by Ernest Flagg, Architect.

HASTY INTRENCHMENT DRILL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 788.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

We dwellers in cities and large towns, if we are well-to-do, have more than our fill of pleasures of all kinds; and for now many years past we have been used to a form of circus where surfeit is nearly as great misery as famine in that kind could be. For our sins, or some of our friends' sins perhaps, we have now gone so long of circuses of three rings and two raised platforms that we scarcely realize that in the country there are still circuses of one ring and no platform at all. We are accustomed, in the gross and foolish superfluity of these city circuses, to see no feat quite through, but to turn our greedy eyes at the most important instant in the hope of some wonder in another ring. We have four or five clowns, in as many varieties of grotesque costume, as well as a lady clown in befitting dress; but we hear none of them speak, not even the lady clown while in the country circus; the old clown of our childhood, one and indivisible, makes the same style of jokes, if not the very same jokes, that we used to hear there. It is not easy to believe all this, and I do not know that I should quite believe it myself if I had not lately been witness of it in the village where I am passing the summer.

I.

The circus announced itself in the good old way weeks beforehand by the vast posters of former days and by a profusion of small bills which fell upon the village as from the clouds, and left it littered everywhere with their festive pink. They prophesied it by a name borne by the first circus I ever saw, which was also an animal show, but the animals must all have died during the fifty years past, for there is now no menagerie attached to it. I did not know this when I heard the band braying through the streets of the village on the morning of the performance, and for me the mangy old camels and the pimpled elephants of yore led the procession through accompanying ranks of boys who have mostly been in their graves for half a lifetime, the distracted ostrich thrust an advertising neck through the top of its cage, and the lion roared to himself in the darkness of his moving prison. I felt the old thrill of excitement, the vain hope of something preternatural and impossible, and I do not know what could have kept me from that circus, as soon as I had done lunch. My heart rose at sight of the large tent (which was yet so very little in comparison with the tents of the three-ring and two-platform circuses); the alluring and illusory side-shows of fat women and lean men; the horses tethered in the background and stamping under the fly-bites; the old, weather-beaten grand chariot which looked like the ghost of the grand chariot which used to drag me captive in its triumph; and the canvas shelters where the cooks were already at work over their kettles on the evening meal of the circus folk.

I expected to be kept a long while from the ticket-wagon by the crowd, but there was no crowd, and perhaps there never used to be much of a crowd. I bought my admittances without a moment's delay, and the man who sold me my reserve seats had even leisure to call me back and ask to look at the change he had given me, mostly nickels. "I *thought* I didn't give you enough," he said, and he added one more, and sent me on to the doorkeeper with my faith in human nature refreshed and confirmed.

It was cool enough outside, but within it was very warm, as it should be, to give the men with palm-leaf fans and ice-cold lemonade a chance. They were already making their rounds, and crying their wares with voices from the tombs of the dead past; and the child of the young mother who took my seat-ticket from me was going to sleep at full length on the lowermost tread of the benches, so that I had to step across its prostrate form. These reserved seats were carpeted; but I had forgotten how little one rank was raised above another, and how very trying they were upon the back and legs. But for the carpeting, I could not see how I was advantaged above the commoner folk in the unreserved seats, and I reflected how often in this world we paid for an inappreciable splendor. I could not see but they were as well off as I; they were much more gayly dressed, and some of them were even smoking cigars, while they were nearly all younger by ten, twenty, forty, or fifty years, and even more. They did not look like the country people whom I rather hoped and expected to see, but were apparently my fellow-villagers, in different stages of excitement. They manifested by the usual signs their impatience to have the performance begin, and I confess that I shared this, though I did not take part in the demonstration.

II.

I have no intention of following the events seriatim. From time to time during their progress I renewed my old one-sided acquaintance with the circusmen. They were quite the same people, I believe, but strangely softened and ameliorated, as I hope I am, and looking not a day older, which I cannot say of myself, exactly. The supernumeraries were patently farmer boys who had entered newly upon that life in a spirit of adventure, and who wore their partial liveries, a braided coat here, and a pair of striped trousers there, with a sort of timorous pride, a deprecating bravado, as if they expected to be hooted by the spectators and were very glad when they were not. The man who went round with a dog to keep boys from hooking in under the curtain had grown gentler, and his dog did not look as if he would bite the worst boy in town. The man came up and asked the young mother about her sleeping child, and I inferred that the child had been sick, and was therefore unusually interesting to all the great, kind-hearted, simple circus family. He was good to the poor supes, and instructed them, not at all sneeringly, how best to manage the guy-ropes for the nets when the trapeze events began.

There was in fact an air of pleasing domesticity diffused over the whole circus. This was perhaps partly an effect from our extreme proximity to its performances; I have never been on quite such intimate terms with equitation and aerostation of all kinds; but I think it was also largely from the good hearts of the whole company. A circus must become during the season a great brotherhood and sisterhood, especially sisterhood, and its members must forget finally that they are not united by ties of blood. I dare say they often become so, as husbands and wives and fathers and mothers, if not as brothers.

The domestic effect was heightened almost poignantly when a young lady in a Turkish-towel bath-gown came out and stood close by the band, waiting for her act on a barebacked horse of a conventional pattern. She really looked like a young goddess in a Turkish-towel bath gown: goddesses must have worn bath-gowns, especially Venus, who was often imagined in the bath or out of it. But when this goddess threw off her bath-gown, and came bounding into the ring as gracefully as the clogs she wore on her slippers would let her, she was much more modestly dressed than most goddesses. What I am trying to say, however, is that while she stood there by the band, she no more interested the musicians than if she were their collective sister. They were all in their shirt sleeves for the sake of the coolness, and they banged and trumpeted and fluted away as indifferent to her as so many born brothers.

Indeed, when the gyrations of her horse brought her to our side of the ring, she was visibly not so youthful and not so divine as she might have been; but the girl who did the trapeze acts, and did them wonderfully, left nothing to be desired in that regard; though really I do not see why we who have neither youth nor beauty should always expect it of other people. I think it would have been quite enough for her to do the trapeze acts so perfectly; but her being so pretty certainly added a poignancy to the contemplation of her perils. One could follow every motion of her anxiety in that close proximity: the tremor of her chin as she bit her lips in taking her flight through the air, the straining eagerness of her eye as she measured the distance, the frown with which she forbade herself any shrinking or reluctance.

III.

How strange is life, how sad and perplexing its contradictions! Why should such an exhibition as that be supposed to give pleasure? Perhaps it does not give pleasure, but is only a necessary fulfilment of one of the many delusions we are in with regard to each other in this bewildering world! They are of all sorts and degrees, these delusions, and I suppose that in the last analysis it was not pleasure I got from the clown and his clowning, clowned he ever so merrily. I remember that I liked hearing his old jokes, not because they were jokes, but because they were old, and endeared by long association. He sang one song which I must have heard him sing at my first circus (I am sure it was he), about "Things that I don't like to see," and I heartily agreed with him that his book of songs, which he sent round to be sold, was fully worth the half-dime asked for it, though I did not buy it.

Perhaps the rival author in me withheld me, but as a brother man I will not allow that I did not feel for him and suffer with him because of the thick white pigment which plentifully coated his face, and made me think with the sweat drops upon it, of a newly painted wall in the rain. He was infinitely older than his personality, than his oldest joke (though you never can be sure how old a joke is), and representatively I dare say he outdated the pyramids. They must have made clowns whiten their faces in the dawn of time, and no doubt there were drolls among the antediluvians who enhanced the effect of their fun by that means. All the same I pitied this clown for it, and I fancied in his wildest waggery the note of a real irascibility. Shall I say that he seemed the only member of that little circus who was not of an amiable temper? But I do not blame him, and I think it much to have seen a clown once more who jested audibly with the ringmaster, and always got the better of him in repartee. It was long since I had known that pleasure.

IV.

Throughout the performance at this circus I was troubled by a curious question, whether it were really of the same moral and material grandeur as the circuses it brought to memory, or whether these were thin and slight too. We all know how the places of our childhood, the heights, the distances, shrink and dwindle when we go back to them, and was it possible that I had been deceived in the splendor of my early circuses? The doubt was painful, but I was forced to own that there might be more truth in it than in a blind fealty to their remembered magnificence. Very likely circuses have grown not only in size but in the richness and variety of their entertainments, and I was spoiled for the simple joys of this. But I could see no reflection of my dissatisfaction on the young faces around me, and I must confess that there was at least so much of the circus that I left when it was half over. I meant to go into the side shows and see the fat woman and the living skeleton, and take the giant by the hand and the armless man by his friendly foot, if I might be so honored. But I did none of these things, and I am willing to believe the fault was in me, if I was disappointed in the circus. It was I who had shrunk and dwindled, and not it. To real boys it was still the size of the firmament, and was a world of wonders and delights. At least I can recognize this fact now, and can rejoice in the peaceful progress all over the country of the simple circuses which the towns never see, but which help to render the summer fairer and brighter to the unspoiled eyes and hearts they appeal to. I hope it will be long before they cease to find profit in the pleasure they give.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE GENTIAN.

A HAPPY star it gayly blows
Alone along the dusty way—
Happy although it never knows
The flowers of the May.

Happy while through the solitude
The breezes stir the leaflets dry,
Though all alone, and all unwooed
By bee and butterfly.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In a paragraph in this Department of the WEEKLY dated July 18 allusion was made to the predicament of Cadet Foy, who was caught disciplining a plebe at West Point in a manner contrary to the regulations, and incurred a severe penalty. The story in some of the newspapers was that the plebe fainted from exhaustion under the strain of the exercises prescribed for him on a very hot day by Cadet Foy in his tent. Further information, which seems to be trustworthy, has come to hand from which it appears that the plebe, failing to obey an order of Cadet Foy, was told to do as a penalty twenty-five of the exercises known as the fourteenth setting-up exercise in the United States Infantry Drill Regulations, which he accomplished in about three minutes' time without being fatigued, much less prostrated and seriously injured, as some newspapers stated. Cadet Foy, being caught, was put under arrest for a year, a punishment quite severe enough without compelling him to rest besides under an unjust aspersion of brutality. Some wild newspaper stories, like the recent sensational tale of Mr. Vanderbilt's seizure during a stormy interview with his son, bear their fake marks so plainly on their face that most intelligent readers recognize their improbability at sight. Others, dealing with persons and circumstances wherewith the public is not conversant, are credited, at least to some extent, by readers who perhaps ought to know better. All newspapers, even those that are careful and conscientious, are sure now and then to print some news that is not true. That is understood and allowance is made for it. What is hard even for wary and experienced newspaper readers to realize and constantly reckon with is the apparent indifference of some contemporary American journals, whose great circulation and profuse expenditures give them a sort of importance, to whether their news stories are true or not. For their purposes the next best thing to a sensational true story seems to be a sensational lie. The allowances made by readers for error in ordinary newspapers do not begin to suffice for these journals. If their stories sound unlikely at all, the only safe course is to disbelieve them altogether, and that necessitates a new adjustment of individual judgment and the abatement of habits of credulity which it takes time and repeated experiences to complete.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, in writing recently about the death of the Marquis de Morès, mentioned that there was talk of a Morès statue, and added: "Statue mania need not be decried, for it is quite harmless. The essential thing is that the statue should be a work of art. But for this mania in ancient Greece how much artistic delight succeeding ages would have missed! Even while the name of the personage is known people all retain their own opinion on him, and when the name has disappeared the statue remains. There is consequently no harm in a Morès statue, provided that people are not compelled, as in the case of Gessler's hat, to salute it."

These sentiments seem not unworthy of attention just now in this country. There are sound objections of course to the erection of statues to bad men whose example is hurtful, but, after all, it is a fair question whether a good statue of an indifferent man is not on the whole a greater benefit to the public than an indifferent statue of a good man. The essential thing, says the *Times* correspondent, is that the statue should be a work of art. In that opinion he seems to be precisely at loggerheads with the Sherman Statue Committee, who seem to consider that the essential thing in the case of the effigy they have in charge is that it should recall General Sherman faithfully and vividly to the men who were familiar with his appearance. In twenty-five years there will be very few people on earth whose memory of how General Sherman looked will be entitled to respect, but the statue, if it be finished and set up, will be there. Then, if it is a good work of art it will be valued and respected, and if it is not a good work of art the fact that in 1896 certain veterans of the Army of the Tennessee thought it a realistic likeness won't weigh very much in its favor. The statue of Mr. William E. Dodge is a statue of a good man, and has been thought to be very like him, but it is not really as effective for the adornment of New York city and to gladden the eyes of the general public as if it were a really able and workmanlike figure of the pirate Kidd. Of course there is no reason why the Sherman statue should not be a work of art and a likeness too. It ought to be both, and perhaps it will be.

The Tom Hughes Memorial Fund now accumulating at Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale, & Co.'s, Cornhill, London, is to be used for the erection of a life-size statue of Judge Hughes at Rugby. Any surplus that may remain is to go to the home mission work identified with Rugby.

About this time of year existence begins to be complicated for many families by the presence of muskmelons in the market, and the development of the obligation to try to purchase a good one. It takes about as much judgment to buy a melon as to buy a horse, and the chance of disappointment is much greater. Happily muskmelons cost less than horses even now when horses are pretty cheap, and they are much more easily disposed of if the inside facts about them are found to belie appearances. Humanity, or at least that part of it which goes to market, would have given up muskmelons long ago if it were not that a truly good muskmelon is so good. The ambition to get a good one and begin the day on it springs periodically in the human breast, like hope and the yearning for a depreciated currency. Of course there are good melons even in the markets, but the average early muskmelon of commerce makes hardly any pretence of being good. It is useful to sell, to feed to pigs, and to form the basis of an item on the bills of fare of cheap eating-places. There are bad peaches, but the average peach of commerce is good, and so is the commercial grape, but not the melon. Even the rare and exceptional early muskmelon, which has in it the potentiality of excellence, is likely to be wasted by being cut when it is either too green or too ripe. There are about two days in the life of a good muskmelon when it is fit to eat, and if it is not eaten on one of those days its chance of doing good is

lost. About one purchaser in fifty can tell by the appearance of a muskmelon whether it has possible good in it, and out of the fifty about five can tell when it is mature enough to test. Yet muskmelons continue to be brought to market and sold in immense quantities, and the traffic in them is winked at by the same government which shut the Louisiana Lottery out of its mails. It is different, of course, with watermelons. A watermelon is by no means a safe purchase, but the persistent speculator in them gets so many good ones that he is disappointed when he strikes a bad bargain. But no reasonable being is disappointed over a worthless muskmelon. If it is bad it has turned out just as he expected, but the next day he tries others, and if in the course of the season he gets a few good ones, he rejoices and feels repaid. There is nothing in nature which illustrates so vividly the wide and hearty appreciation of the blessing which is promised to those who expect little as the muskmelon of commerce.

In his article in the August HARPER'S about "The White Mr. Longfellow," Mr. Howells has done the good Cambridge poet a service analogous in quality to that done for George Washington by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge. It is true, of course, that Longfellow was by no means so far away from us as Washington, or misapprehended in anything like the same degree, but still time and fame had contrived to veil him in an atmosphere that was in some measure superhuman, and it is pleasant to have him brought back and placed so near us that we can perceive that he is warm to our touch. No one ever doubted that Lowell was a human creature, or Holmes, or even Emerson, for Emerson liked pie, but Longfellow, with his gentleness and patience and serenity, and his halo of white hair, seemed not quite of this world; and it is good to be reminded that he was as genial and happy as he was good, and not only taught that life was earnest, but took comfort with it, earnest as it was, and ate and drank and had fun.

Perhaps the thing that will help as much as anything to bring him near to us who are of the plain people is Mr. Howells's disclosure that he suffered acutely from bores, and joked about them, even while he endured them with tireless hospitality and saintly patience.

It is good to know that the new one-dollar silver certificates have other qualities that make them interesting besides the title they give their holder to the possession of a silver dollar. Critics who have scrutinized them report that they spell "tranquillity" with one "l," and that Columbia appears upon them with her right arm around a young man, and her left arm extended, while she points with her left-hand index finger to the Constitution. This attitude, the critics think, represents her as left-handed. Perhaps so, but that is largely a matter of judgment. It seems fairly questionable in these times whether a woman who has a man in whom she has confidence is not justified in holding on to him with her strongest arm, and in thinking her left hand quite good enough to point with. Moreover, there are those too who think one "l" enough for such tranquillity as we enjoy at present; and on the whole there is likely to be considerable backing for the sentiment that the new dollar bill is a timely effort with proprieties which its designers could hardly have foreseen.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

THE disgraceful scenes at the Fourth International Trade Congress, when the anarchists present endeavored to storm the platform, and were only silenced by the persuasion of force, have brought into temporary prominence the once notorious Keir Hardie. There are few men in England more unanimously despised than Keir Hardie. He is one of those loud-voiced, empty-headed, braggart men who are occasionally able to impose on the shrewd common-sense of the English working-man. In 1892 the electors of West Ham returned him to Parliament, and he drove up to the House in a brake, with a jovial party of boon friends, and a brass band playing, "See, the conquering hero comes." He wore in the House, as a kind of democratic protest, his ordinary working-man's clothes—corduroys, hobnailed boots, and a curious sort of cricketing-cap. He seemed to delight in treading on the corns of the House. If a thing could be done pleasantly or rudely, Keir Hardie would be sure to do it rudely. Not even the Irishmen equalled him in bad manners. He actually went out of the way to make himself obnoxious. When the House was voting congratulations to the Duke and Duchess of York on the birth of their eldest son, Keir Hardie opposed the motion in a speech of such disgusting vulgarity that he narrowly escaped being suspended for the session. The swagger of the man, the oily theatricism of his dress, and his look of solemn, ignorant conceit had already disgusted the House, but this gratuitous insult to the Queen turned disgust into sheer loathing. There is no prejudice against working-men in the House of Commons. Mr. John Burns, the son of a washer-woman, has won a powerful position by his blunt outspoken honesty and sound practical knowledge of industrial questions. No one is listened to with greater respect; but then John Burns's tactics are not those of Keir Hardie.

I was in the National Liberal Club precisely one year ago, when the elections were on, and saw elderly politicians positively dance with joy when Keir Hardie's defeat was announced. If it was a Tory gain, it, at any rate, was not a Liberal loss. The secretary of the club placed on the placard the red disk, denoting a Liberal gain, and the cheering broke out wildly again. And soon after that Keir Hardie visited Chicago, and was invited to speak at a Methodist meeting—the Methodists presumably being under the delusion that he was a person of some importance. He had the incredible idiocy to applaud the anarchists as pioneers of a new religion. Half a dozen ministers were on their feet in a moment, and what happened in the ensuing half-hour will probably not appear in Keir Hardie's memoirs. A good many Englishmen regretted that Chicago found him out so quickly. For it was pretty certain that if the city of Altgeld could not stand him, no other city in the world could.

S. B.

PARIS.

IT is pleasant to note the success of our compatriots abroad, especially in the artistic career, where they meet with so much competition. Mr. Julian Story, the husband of our well-known American prima donna Emma Eames, himself a talented artist, has just sold to the French government a painting exhibited by him this year at the Paris Salon, representing Dr. Chéron in his laboratory. Mr. Story is at present engaged in painting two portraits of the Prince of Wales, one to become the property of H.R.H., the other a commission from Mr. W. W. Astor, which is to hang in the gallery at Cliveden in commemoration of the Prince's visit there.

F. F.

CHICAGO.

A FONDNESS for mass-meetings is a very marked trait in the psychological make-up of the American people. If domestic happenings do not furnish pretexts enough for such gatherings, it shall go hard with us if we do not find something in the doings of other nations fit for the rebuke of the popular assemblage. Such topics as the Russian treatment of the Jews, Armenian or other Oriental atrocities, and the woes of Mrs. Maybrick readily suggest themselves as proper for public discussion. Not one person in a hundred of those who take part in these noisy demonstrations knows enough about the subject concerned to have an intelligent opinion. The Russian anti-Semitic legislation is the resultant of a vast complex of social and economic forces; the Turk may be "unspeakable," but it is not easy to suggest any practicable way of preventing him from committing the atrocities for which he has such a hankering; Mrs. Maybrick may be innocent, but she was found guilty by judicial process under a system which provides every imaginable safeguard for the accused. All these things are truisms, but they do not avail to restrain the zeal of the confirmed mass-meeter, who will enthusiastically join with others of his kind to protest and denounce and resolve upon subjects that he would do much better to let severely alone. When other themes for the display of rhetoric are lacking, the cause of the Irish prisoners in English dungeons is always with us, as was illustrated the other day in Chicago, when a large meeting of citizens was called to pour itself out upon this subject. The prisoners in question, be it remembered, were duly convicted for participation in various kinds of lawlessness, including attempts to destroy public buildings and blow human beings into small pieces by means of dynamite. The orators of the Chicago meeting were too considerate to use such plain terms as these, but called the prisoners by the euphemistic name of political offenders. "With what crimes are they charged?" asked the gallant John Finerty, who has personally declared war against England more times than he can remember. "Simply with attempting to terrify into giving justice those who have long heaped every outrage and wrong on their country." It is not surprising that Governor Altgeld should have been one of the speakers upon this occasion, but there were others of whom better things might have been expected. Some of the names make us rub our eyes and ask, "Que diable allait-*il* faire dans cette galère?"

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

A MAINE man who made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide pleaded guilty, and was ordered by the court to give bonds in the sum of $1000 to keep the peace for a year. Being unable to do so, he was sent to jail. That the State should punish a man for attempting, in a quiet way, to take his own life seems almost absurd; and yet the law against suicide could be defended on practical, if not on philosophic, grounds. If suicide were legal, a man might legally shift the burden of supporting his wife and children upon the town or county; he might escape the tax-collector and otherwise fail in his duties as a citizen. When this Maine man comes out of prison he will probably be not only content but glad to live. He will appreciate freedom and fresh air, just as one who recovers from temporary blindness or lameness feels that there is a pleasure in mere normal existence.

Under the law of Massachusetts all persons or corporations who have employed lawyers or other agents to advocate or to oppose particular bills at the State House are obliged to render to the State a sworn account of the money thus paid. It is a significant fact that in this way a member of the bar who is scarcely known to the profession has received twelve or fifteen thousand dollars from various persons and companies for his services at the past session. This money was doubtless paid for work as a lobbyist rather than as counsel. It is also a doubtful though common practice for lawyers who have served in the Legislature or who have occupied high office under the State to be employed as legislative counsel. In such cases it is their personal influence rather than their arguments which is sought and paid for.

The Wendell Phillips Memorial Association has a fund with which to commemorate the name of Wendell Phillips. Its first intention was to build a memorial hall, but it has now decided to expend the money in scholarships for undergraduates in Harvard College and in Tufts College, "to be awarded to one about to become a Junior, who has special oratorical powers, and gives promise of becoming a real force as a public speaker." The association could hardly have invented a more foolish use of money. It would be difficult to decide what Sophomore was likely to become "a real force as a public speaker," and impossible to decide whether that force would be exerted to the advantage or the disadvantage of the republic. If a prize had been offered for "special oratorical powers" when Mr. Bryan was in college, he would probably have captured it.

H. C. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

AN instructive illustration of the strong feeling against Thomas Paine, the famous infidel, which still lives, is afforded in the protest brought out by the proposition, recently made in Philadelphia, to place a bust of Paine in Independence Hall. The proposition is not a new one by any means. More than twenty years ago a number of those who regarded Paine with worshipful eyes on account of his conspicuous services in behalf of this country at the time of the Revolution started a movement which had as its object the execution of a bust of Paine, which it was intended should be placed among those of other patriots and statesmen in Independence Hall. The sum of $1200 was raised for this purpose, and Sydney H. Morse, a sculptor of Boston, made the bust, which was of heroic size, and was mounted on a granite pedestal. With its surbase of black marble the piece stood somewhat over six feet high. The bust was modelled from a celebrated portrait of Paine, and was considered an admirable work. The first offer of this bust to Philadelphia's City Councils brought about a bitter religious controversy, which ended in the refusal of the work. The bust found a resting-place in the office of a lawyer of Philadelphia, and there it has remained ever since. This lawyer now thinks that the bust may be accepted by the city and find an honorable position, as was intended, in the Cradle of Liberty. The suggestion, however, has elicited an opposition which will probably prove triumphant, and Paine's bust will again go back to comparative obscurity. It is urged by those who think Paine should receive recognition such as has been given Jefferson, Washington, Adams, and the other patriots of the time, that his *Common Sense*, of which a hundred thousand copies were printed and circulated in Philadelphia alone, and another of his books, *The Crisis*, which obtained scarcely less publicity, were as useful factors in the achievement of this country's independence as was any deed on the battle-fields of the Revolutionary period. But it seems impossible for certain well-meaning people to forget the notorious assault on Christianity which Paine made in his book, *The Age of Reason*.

F. C. W.

NEW ORLEANS.

HOMICIDAL mania has been very frequent of late in New Orleans, so much so as to cause no little apprehension among law-abiding citizens. A peculiarity among the persons afflicted with it has been their prompt recovery as soon as a verdict of "not guilty on account of insanity" was rendered. One Patrick Hearns recently shot Charles Porter and his six-year-old daughter. He was acquitted of shooting Porter on the ground of insanity, and ordered to the insane asylum, but since then he has grown apparently sane; so, to provide against any escape, the insane asylum authorities were instructed not to turn Hearns loose, should he appear to recover his mind, but to surrender him to the sheriff so that his prosecution for wounding the Porter child can be carried on. The court thought that a man with a homicidal tendency like Hearns ought to be confined somewhere, either in the insane asylum or in prison.

The new civil service commissioners are encountering breakers. One of the three members has already declined the office, and another threatens to do so. A large number of public officials in New Orleans receive no pay. This is the case with the Council, the president of the Council, who is acting-Mayor half the year, the police and fire commissioners, and others; and even jurors are not paid for their services. This "volunteer" system, a relic of antebellum times, has produced the very worst results; and in creating a civil service commission, provision was made for proper salaries—$3000 a year—for its members. This has been met with a popular howl. The Councilmen protest against paying these salaries when they get nothing for their own services, while several newspapers urge that the civil service commissioners, as they have no more work to do than the police or fire commissioners, who receive no pay, should also work without salary. This has resulted in a wild clamor, which has temporarily demoralized the new law, leaving the Civil Service Board still unorganized.

Mr. Warren Easten, Superintendent of the public schools of New Orleans, has recommended to the School Board the abolition of all medals and similar honors, and the board has approved his suggestion. A number of medals have been awarded for high standing in class, for the best essays, and for various other school honors; and while they have been hotly contested for, and have been a great encouragement to the boys and girls, they have been the cause of endless squabbles. There has been scarcely a year without some trouble over these medals; and this session, as usual, the School Board has had to submit to abuse and hints of partiality in its selection of the medallists. The medals have caused the board more trouble than the entire other management of the schools; and they are therefore to be abolished, as it seems impossible to satisfy the parents of children in their distribution. There will be no more medals or similar honors for the graduates of the New Orleans schools.

N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE decision of the local Salvation Army to send two Chinese to London to assist in work in the slums has called attention to the results of Christian missionary work among Chinese in California. While many of these Orientals attend Sunday-school in order to learn English, there are numerous cases of genuine conversion. Perhaps the best fruits of patient Christian teaching and example may be found in the homes of converted Chinese, with their new and high ideals of conduct, which present so great a contrast to those of a heathen household, and in the girls' missions, which provide shelter for many bright children who have been saved from a slavery worse than death. In the smaller cities of California Christianity has had a marked effect on the Chinese, and many instances could be given of its genuine transformation of life and character.

When some future California De Quincey comes to write of "Stage-Robbery as a Fine Art," he will give a foremost place to the unknown masked highwayman who lately "held up" a half-dozen people on the highway near Nevada City, in the heart of a rich quartz-mining country. This fellow was stationed near a watering-trough, and for several hours he made all who passed stand and deliver. One of his victims was a San Francisco police officer, who was forced to throw his money into the road and pass on, though he was armed. The robber "had the drop" on the officer and gave him no chance to fight for his coin. Nearly all California stage-robberies are planned to secure the gold and silver bullion which is carried in Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s express boxes, and so persistent have been the thefts on some mountain roads that the express company has refused to forward coin or bullion.

G. H. F.

THE SEISMIC-WAVE DISASTER IN JAPAN—DESTRUCTION IN THE MIYAGI PREFECTURE.—[See Page 786.]

1. Destruction in the Village of Shizu. 2. Laborers who had been absent at the time of the Disaster returning to what remained of the Village of Hosoura. 3 and 4. Ruins of the Village of Shizukawa. 5. Removing the Dead from beneath the Dêbris at Shizu. 6. Village of Isatomae after the Disaster.—Child accompanying the Body of its Mother to the Grave. 7. The Tidal Wave's Work at Isatomae. 8. Red Cross Relief Hospital at Isatomae. 9. Homeless Survivors of the Disaster at Shizu.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XV.

TWO ladies sat on the veranda of the hotel, and watched a cloud-wreath trying to lift itself from the summit of Lion's Head. In the effort it thinned away to transparency in places; in others it tore its frail texture asunder, and let parts of the mountain show through; then the fragments knitted themselves loosely together, and the vapor lay again in dreamy quiescence.

The ladies were older and younger, and apparently mother and daughter. The mother had kept her youth in face and figure so admirably that in another light she would have looked scarcely the elder. It was the candor of the morning which confessed the fine vertical lines running up and down to her lips, only a shade paler than the girl's, and that showed her hair a trifle thinner in its coppery brown, her blue eyes a little dimmer. They were both very graceful, and they had soft caressing voices; they now began to talk very politely to each other, as if they were strangers, or as if strangers were by. They talked of the landscape, and of the strange cloud effect before them. They said that they supposed they should see the Lion's Head when the cloud lifted, and they were both sure they had never been quite so near a cloud before. They agreed that this was because in Switzerland the mountains were so much higher and farther off. Then the daughter said, without changing the direction of her eyes or the tone of her voice, "The gentleman who came over from the station with us last night," and the mother was aware of Jeff Durgin advancing toward the corner of the veranda where they sat.

"I hope you have got rested," he said, with the jovial bluntness which was characteristic of him with women.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the elder lady. Jeff had spoken to her, but had looked chiefly at the younger. "I slept beautifully. So quiet here, and with this delicious air! Have you just tasted it?"

"No; I've been up ever since daylight, driving round," said Jeff. "I'm glad you like the air," he said, after a certain hesitation. "We always want to have people do that at Lion's Head. There's no air like it, though perhaps I shouldn't say so."

"Shouldn't?" the lady repeated.

"Yes: we own the air here, this part of it." Jeff smiled easily down at the lady's puzzled face.

"Oh! Then you are—are you a son of the house?"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

"Son of the hotel, yes," said Jeff, with increasing ease. The lady continued her question in a look, and he went on. "I've been scouring the country for butter and eggs this morning. We shall get all our supplies from Boston next year, I hope, but we depend on the neighbors a little yet."

"How very interesting," said the lady. "You must have a great many queer adventures," she suggested in a provisional tone.

"Well, nothing's queer to me in the hill country. But you see some characters here." He nodded over his shoulder to where Whitwell stood by the flag-staff, waiting the morning impulse of the ladies. "There's one of the greatest of them, now."

The lady put up a lorgnette and inspected Whitwell. "What are those strange things he has got in his hat-band?"

"The flowers and the fungi of the season," said Jeff. "He takes parties of the ladies walking, and that collection is what he calls his almanac."

"Really?" cried the girl. "That's charming!"

"Delightful!" said the mother, moved by the same impulse, apparently.

"Yes," said Jeff. "You ought to hear him talk. I'll introduce him to you after breakfast, if you like."

"Oh, we should only be too happy!" said the mother, and her daughter, from her inflection, knew that she would be willing to defer her happiness.

But Jeff did not. "Mr. Whitwell!" he called out, and Whitwell came across the grass to the edge of the veranda. "I want to introduce you to Mrs. Vostrand—and Miss Vostrand."

Whitwell took their slim hands successively into his broad, flat palm, and made Mrs. Vostrand repeat her name to him. "Strangers at Lion's Head, I presume?" Mrs. Vostrand owned as much; and he added: "Well, I guess you won't find a much sightlier place anywhere; though accordin' to Jeff's say, here, they've got *bigger* mountains on the other side. Ever been in Europe?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Vostrand, with a little mouth of deprecation. "In fact, we've just come home! We've been living there."

"That so?" returned Whitwell, in humorous toleration. "Glad to get back, I presume?"

"Oh, yes—yes," said Mrs. Vostrand, in a sort of willowy concession, as if the character before her were not to be crossed or gainsaid.

"Well, it 'll do you good here," said Whitwell. "'N' the young lady, too. A few tramps over these hills 'll make you look like another woman." He added, as if he had perhaps made his remarks too personal to the girl, "Both of you."

"Oh, yes," the mother assented fervently. "We shall count upon your showing us all their—mysteries."

Whitwell looked pleased. "I'll do my best—whenever you're ready." He went on: "Why, Jeff, here, has just got back, too. Jeff, what was the name of that French boat you said you crossed on? I want to see if I can't make out what planchette meant by that broken shaft. She must have meant something, and if I could find out the name of the ship— Tell the ladies about it?" Jeff laughed, with a shake of the head, and Whitwell continued, "Why, it was like this," and he possessed the ladies of a fact which they professed to find extremely interesting. At the end of their polite expressions, he asked Jeff again, "What did you say the name was?"

"*Acquitaine*," said Jeff briefly.

"Why, *we* came on the *Acquitaine!*" said Mrs. Vostrand, with a smile for Jeff. "But how did we happen not to see each other?"

"Oh, I came second cabin," said Jeff. "I worked my way over on a cattle-ship to London, and when I decided not to work my way back, I found I hadn't enough money for a first-cabin passage. I was in a hurry to get back in time to get settled at Harvard, and so I came second cabin. It wasn't bad. I used to see you across the rail."

"Well!" said Whitwell.

"How very—amusing!" said Mrs. Vostrand. "What a small world it is!" With these words she fell into a vagary; her daughter recalled her from it with a slight movement. "Breakfast? How impatient you are, Genevieve! Well!" She smiled the sweetest parting to Whitwell, and suffered herself to be led away by Jeff.

"And you're at Harvard! I'm so interested. My own boy will be going there soon."

"Well, there's no place like Harvard," said Jeff. "I'm in my Sophomore year, now."

"Oh, a Sophomore! Fancy!" cried Mrs. Vostrand, as if nothing could give her more pleasure. "My son is going to prepare at St. Mark's. Did you prepare there?"

"No, I prepared at Lovewell Academy, over here." Jeff nodded in a southerly direction.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Vostrand, as if she knew where Lovewell was, and instantly recognized the name of the ancient school.

They had reached the dining-room, and Jeff pushed the

screen-door open with one hand, and followed the ladies in. He had the effect of welcoming them like invited guests; he placed the ladies himself at a window, where he said Mrs. Vostrand would be out of the draughts, and they could have a good view of Lion's Head. He leaned over between them, when they were seated, to get sight of the mountain, and "There!" he said. "That cloud's gone at last." Then, as if it would be modester in the proprietor of the view to leave them to their flattering raptures in it, he moved away, and stood talking a moment with Cynthia Whitwell near the door of the serving-room. He talked gayly, with many tosses of the head and turns about, while she listened with a vague smile, motionlessly.

"She's very pretty," said Miss Vostrand to her mother.

"Yes. The New England type," murmured the mother.

"They all have the same look, a good deal," said the girl, glancing over the room where the waitresses stood ranged against the walls with their hands folded at their waists. "They have better faces than figures, but she is beautiful every way. Do you suppose they are all school-teachers? They look intellectual. Or is it their glasses?"

"I don't know," said the mother. "They used to be; but things change here so rapidly, it may all be different. Do you like it?"

"I think it's charming here," said the younger lady, evasively. "Everything is so exquisitely clean. And the food is very good. Is this corn bread—that you've told me about so much?"

"Yes, this is corn bread. You will have to get accustomed to it."

"Perhaps it won't take long. I could fancy that girl knowing about everything. Don't you like her looks?"

"Oh, very much!" Mrs. Vostrand turned for another glance at Cynthia.

"What say?" Their smiling waitress came forward from the wall where she was leaning, as if she thought they had spoken to her.

"Oh, we were speaking—the young lady to whom Mr. Durgin was talking—she is—"

"She's the housekeeper—Miss Whitwell."

"Oh, indeed! She seems so young—"

"I guess she knows what to do-o-o," the waitress chanted. "*We* think she's about ri-i-ght!" She smiled tolerantly upon the misgiving of the stranger, if it was that, and then retreated when the mother and daughter began talking together again.

They had praised the mountain with the cloud off, to Jeff, very politely, and now the mother said, a little more intimately, but still with the deference of a society acquaintance: "He seems very gentlemanly, and I am sure he is very kind. I don't quite know what to do about it, do you?"

"No, I don't. It's all strange to me, you know."

"Yes, I suppose it must be. But you will get used to it if we remain in the country. Do you think you will dislike it?"

"Oh, no! It's very different."

"Yes, it's different. He is very handsome, in a certain way." The daughter said nothing, and the mother added, "I wonder if he was trying to conceal that he had come second cabin, and was not going to let us know that he crossed with us?"

"Do you think he was bound to do so?"

"No. But it was very odd, his not mentioning it. And his going out on a cattle-steamer," the mother observed.

"Oh, but that's very *chic*, I've heard," the daughter replied. "I've heard that the young men like it, and think it a great chance. They have great fun. It isn't at all like second cabin."

"You young people have your own world," the mother answered, caressingly.

XVI.

Westover met the ladies coming out of the dining-room as he went in rather late to breakfast; he had been making a study of Lion's Head in the morning light after the cloud lifted from it. He was always doing Lion's Heads, it seemed to him; but he loved the mountain, and he was always finding something new in it.

He was now seeing it inwardly with so exclusive a vision that he had no eyes for these extremely pretty women till they were out of sight. Then he remembered noticing them, and started with a sense of recognition, which he verified by the hotel register when he had finished his meal. It was in fact Mrs. James W. Vostrand, and it was Miss Vostrand, whom Westover had known ten years before in Italy. Mrs. Vostrand had then lately come abroad for the education of her children, and was pausing in doubt at Florence whether she should educate them in Germany or Switzerland. Her husband had apparently abandoned this question to her, and he did not contribute his presence to her moral support during her struggle with a problem which Westover remembered as having a tendency to solution in the direction of a permanent stay in Florence.

In those days he liked Mrs. Vostrand very much, and at twenty he considered her at thirty distinctly middle-aged. For one winter she had a friendly little salon, which was the most attractive place in Florence to him, then a cub painter sufficiently unlicked. He was aware of her children being a good deal in the salon: a girl of eight who was like her mother, and quite a savage little boy of five, who may have been like his father. If he was, and the absent Mr. Vostrand had the same habit of sulking and kicking at people's shins, Westover could partly understand why Mrs. Vostrand had come to Europe for the education of her children. It all came vividly back to him, while he went about looking for Mrs. Vostrand and her daughter on the verandas and in the parlors. But he did not find them, and he was going to send his name to their rooms when he came upon Jeff Durgin figuring about the office in a fresh London conception of outing costume.

"You're very swell," said Westover, halting him to take full note of it.

"Like it? Well, I knew you'd understand what it meant. Mother thinks it's a little too rowdy-looking. Her idea is black broadcloth frock-coat and doeskin trousers, for a gentleman, you know." He laughed with a young joyousness; and then became serious. "Couple of ladies here, somewhere, I'd like to introduce you to. Came over with me from the depot last night. Very nice people, and I'd like to make it pleasant for them—get up something—go somewhere—and when you see their style you can judge what it had better be. Mrs. Vostrand and her daughter."

"Thank you," said Westover. "I think I know them already—at least one of them. I used to go to Mrs. Vostrand's house in Florence."

"That so? Well, fact is, I crossed with them; but I came second cabin, because I'd spent all my money, and I didn't get acquainted with them on the ship, but we met in the train coming up, last night. Said they had heard of Lion's Head on the other side from friends. But it was quite a coincidence, don't you think? I'd like to have them see what this neighborhood really is; and I wish, Mr. Westover, you'd find out, if you can, what they'd like. If they're for walking, we could get Whitwell to personally conduct a party, and if they're for driving, I'd like to show them a little mountain-coaching myself."

"I don't know whether I'd better not leave the whole thing to you, Jeff," Westover said, after a moment's reflection. "I don't see exactly how I could bring the question into a first interview."

"Well, perhaps it would be rather rushing it. But if I get up something, you'll come, Mr. Westover?"

"I will, with great pleasure," said Westover, and he went to make his call.

A half-hour later, he was passing the door of the old parlor which Mrs. Durgin still kept for hers, on his way up to his room, when a sound of angry voices came out to him. Then the voice of Mrs. Durgin defined itself in the words: "I'm not goin' to have to ask any more folks for their rooms on your account, Jeff Durgin— Mr. Westover! Mr. Westover, is that you?" her voice broke off to call after him as he hurried by. "Won't you come in here, a minute?"

He hesitated, and then Jeff called, "Yes, come in, Mr. Westover."

The painter found him sitting on the old hair-cloth sofa, with his stick between his hands and knees, confronting his mother, who was rocking excitedly to and fro in the old hair-cloth easy-chair.

"You know these folks that Jeff's so crazy about?" she demanded.

"Crazy!" cried Jeff, laughing and frowning at the same time. "What's crazy in wanting to go off on a drive, and choose your own party?"

"Do you know them?" Mrs. Durgin repeated to Westover.

"The Vostrands? Why, yes. I knew Mrs. Vostrand in Italy a good many years ago, and I've just been calling on her and her daughter, who was a little girl, then."

"What kind of folks are they?"

"What kind? Really! Why, they're very charming people—"

"So Jeff seems to think. Any call to show them any particular attention?"

"I don't know if I quite understand—"

"Why, it's just this. Jeff, here, wants to make a picnic for them, or something, and I can't see the sense of it. You remember what happened at that *other* picnic, with that Mrs. Marven"—Jeff tapped the floor with his stick, impatiently, and Westover felt sorry for him—"and I don't want it to happen again, and I've told Jeff so. I presume he thinks it 'll set him right with them, if they're thinkin' demeaning of him because he came over second cabin on their ship."

Jeff set his teeth and compressed his lips to bear as best he could the give-away which his mother could not appreciate in its importance to him.

"They're not the kind of people to take such a thing shabbily," said Westover. "They didn't happen to mention it, but Mrs. Vostrand must have got used to seeing young fellows in straits of all kinds during her life abroad. I know that I sometimes made the cup of tea and biscuit she used to give me in Florence do duty for a dinner, and I believe she knew it."

Jeff looked up at Westover with a grateful, sidelong glance.

His mother said, "Well, then, that's all right, and Jeff needn't do anything for them on that account. And I've made up my mind about one thing: whatever the hotel does has got to be done for the whole hotel. It can't pick and choose amongst the guests." Westover liked so little the part of old family friend which he seemed, whether he liked it or not, to bear with the Durgins, that he would gladly have got away now, but Mrs. Durgin detained him with a direct appeal. "Don't you think so, Mr. Westover?"

Jeff spared him the pain of a response. "Very well," he said to his mother, "I'm not the hotel, and you never want me to be. I can do this on my own account."

"Not with my coach and not with my hosses," said his mother.

Jeff rose. "I might as well go on down to Cambridge, and get to work on my conditions."

"Just as you please about that," said Mrs. Durgin, with the same impassioned quiet that showed in her son's handsome face, and made it one angry red to his yellow hair. "We've got along without you so far, this summer, and I guess we can, the rest of the time. And the sooner you work off your conditions the better, I presume."

The next morning Jeff came to take leave of him, where Westover had pitched his easel and camp-stool on the slope behind the hotel.

"Why, are you really going?" he asked. "I was in hopes it might have blown over."

"No, things don't blow over so easy, with mother," said Jeff, with an embarrassed laugh, but no resentment. "She generally means what she says."

"Well, in this case, Jeff, I think she was right."

"Oh, I guess so," said Jeff, pulling up a long blade of grass, and taking it between his teeth. "Anyway, it comes to the same thing as far as I'm concerned. It's for her to say what shall be done and what sha'n't be done in her own house, even if it *is* a hotel. That's what I shall do in mine. We're used to these little differences; but we talk it out, and that's the end of it. I shouldn't really go, though, if I didn't think I ought to get in some work on those conditions before the thing begins regularly. I should have liked to help here a little, for I've had a good time and I ought to be willing to pay for it. But she's in good hands. Jackson's well—for him—and she's got Cynthia."

The easy security of tone with which Jeff pronounced the name vexed Westover. "I suppose your mother would hardly know how to do without her, even if you were at home," he said, dryly.

"Well, that's a fact," Jeff assented, with a laugh for the hit. "And Jackson thinks the world of her. I believe he trusts her judgment more than he does mother's about the hotel. Well, I must be going. You don't know where Mrs. Vostrand is going to be this winter, I suppose?"

"No, I don't," said Westover. He could not help a sort of blind resentment in the situation. If he could not feel that Jeff was the best that could be for Cynthia, he had certainly no reason to regret that his thoughts could be so lightly turned from her. But the fact anomalously incensed him as a slight to the girl, who might have been still more sacrificed by Jeff's constancy. He forced himself to add, "I fancy Mrs. Vostrand doesn't know herself."

"I wish I didn't know where *I* was going to be," said Jeff. "Well, good-by, Mr. Westover. I'll see you in Boston."

"Oh, good-by." The painter freed himself from his brush and palette for a parting handshake, reluctantly.

Jeff plunged down the hill, waving a final adieu from the corner of the hotel before he vanished round it.

Mrs. Vostrand and her daughter were at breakfast when Westover came in after the early light had been gone some time. They entreated him to join them at their table, and the mother said: "I suppose you were up soon enough to see young Mr. Durgin off. Isn't it too bad he has to go back to college when it's still so pleasant in the country?"

"Not bad for him," said Westover. "He's a young man who can stand a great deal of hard work." Partly because he was a little tired of Jeff, and partly because he was embarrassed in their presence by the reason of his going, he turned the talk upon the days they had known together.

Mrs. Vostrand was very willing to talk of her past, even apart from his, and she told him of her sojourn in Europe since her daughter had left school. They spent their winters in Italy and their summers in Switzerland, where it seemed her son was still at his studies in Lausanne. She wished him to go to Harvard, she said, and she supposed he would have to finish his preparation at one of the American schools; but she had left the choice entirely to Mr. Vostrand.

This seemed a strange event after twelve years' stay in Europe for the education of her children, but Westover did not feel authorized to make any comment upon it. He fell rather to thinking how very pleasant both mother and daughter were, and to wondering how much wisdom they had between them. He reflected that men had very little wisdom, as far as he knew them, and he questioned whether, after all, the main difference between men and women might not be that women talked their follies and men acted theirs. Probably Mrs. Vostrand, with all her babble, had done fewer foolish things than her husband, but here Westover felt his judgment disabled by the fact that he had never met her husband; and his mind began to wander to a question of her daughter, whom he had there before him. He found himself bent upon knowing more of the girl, and trying to eliminate her mother from the talk, or at least to make Genevieve lead in it. But apparently she was not one of the natures that like to lead; at any rate she remained discreetly in abeyance, and Westover fancied she even respected her mother's opinions and ideas. He thought this very well for both of them, whether it was the effect of Mrs. Vostrand's merit or Miss Vostrand's training. They seemed both of one exquisite gentleness, and of one sweet manner, which was rather elaborate and formal in expression. They deferred to each other as politely as they deferred to him, but, if anything, the daughter deferred most.

XVII.

The Vostrands did not stay long at Lion's Head. Before the week was out Mrs. Vostrand had a letter summoning them to meet her husband at Montreal, where that mysterious man, who never came into the range of Westover's vision, somehow, was kept by business from joining them in the mountains.

Early in October the painter received Mrs. Vostrand's card at his studio in Boston, and learned from the scribble which covered it that she was with her daughter at the Hotel Vendome. He went at once to see them there, and was met, almost before the greetings were past, with a prayer for his opinion.

"Favorable opinion?" he asked.

"Favorable? Oh, yes; of course. It's simply this. When I sent you my card, we were merely birds of passage, and now I don't know but we are. What is the opposite of birds of passage?"

Westover could not think, and said so.

"Well, it doesn't matter. We were walking down the street, here, this morning, and we saw the sign of an apartment to let, in a window, and we thought, just for amusement, we would go in and look at it."

"And you took it?"

"No, not quite so rapid as that. But it was *lovely;* in such a pretty *hôtel garni*, and so exquisitely furnished! We didn't really think of staying in Boston; we'd quite made up our minds on New York; but this apartment is a temptation."

"Why not yield, then?" said Westover. "That's the easiest way with a temptation. Confess, now, that you've taken the apartment already!"

"No, no, I haven't yet," said Mrs. Vostrand.

"And if I advised not, you wouldn't?"

"Ah, that's another thing!"

"When are you going to take possession, Mrs. Vostrand?"

"Oh, at once, I suppose—if we do!"

"And may I come in when I'm hungry, just as I used to do in Florence, and will you stay me with flagons in the old way?"

"There never was anything but tea, you know well enough."

"The tea had rum in it."

"Well, perhaps it will have rum in it here, if you're very good."

"I will try my best, on condition that you'll make any and every possible use of me. Mrs. Vostrand, I can't tell you how very glad I am you're going to stay," said the painter, with a fervor that made her impulsively put out her hand to him. He kept it while he could add, "I don't

forget—I can never forget—how good you were to me in those days," and at that she gave his hand a quick pressure. "If I can do anything at all for you, you *will* let me, won't you? I'm afraid you'll be so well provided for that there won't be anything. Ask them to slight you, to misuse you in something, so that I can come to your rescue!"

"Yes, I will," Mrs. Vostrand promised. "And may we come to your studio to implore your protection?"

"The sooner the better." Westover got himself away with a very sweet friendship in his heart for this rather anomalous lady, who, more than half her daughter's life, had lived away from her daughter's father, upon apparently perfectly good terms with him, and so discreetly and self-respectfully that no breath of reproach had touched her. Until now, however, her position had not really concerned Westover, and it would not have concerned him now, if it had not been for a design that formed itself in his mind as soon as he knew that Mrs. Vostrand meant to pass the winter in Boston. He felt at once that he could not do things by halves for a woman who had once done them for him by wholes and something over, and he had instantly decided that he must not only be very pleasant to her himself, but he must get his friends to be pleasant, too. His friends were some of the nicest people in Boston; nice in both the personal and the social sense; he knew they would not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for him in a good cause, and that made him all the more anxious that the cause should be good beyond question.

Since his last return from Paris he had been rather a fad as a teacher, and his class had been kept quite strictly to the ladies who got it up and to such as they chose to let enter it. These were not all chosen for wealth or family; there were some whose gifts gave the class distinction, and the ladies were glad to have them. It would be easy to explain Mrs. Vostrand to these, but the others might be more difficult; they might have their anxieties, and Westover meant to ask the leader of the class to help him receive at the studio tea he had at once imagined for the Vostrands, and that would make her doubly responsible.

He found himself drawing a very deep and long breath before he began to mount the many stairs to his studio, and wishing either that Mrs. Vostrand had not decided to spend the winter in Boston, or else that he were of a slacker conscience and could wear his gratitude more lightly. But there was some relief in thinking that he could do nothing for a month yet. He gained a degree of courage by telling the ladies, when he went to find them in their new apartment, that he should want them to meet a few of his friends at tea as soon as people began to get back to town; and he made the most of their instant joy in accepting his invitation.

His pleasure was somehow dashed a little, before he left them, by the announcement of Jeff Durgin's name.

"I felt bound to send him my card," said Mrs. Vostrand, while Jeff was following his up in the elevator. "He was so very kind to us the day we arrived at Lion's Head; and I—didn't know but he might be feeling a little sensitive about coming over second cabin in our ship; and—"

"How like you, Mrs. Vostrand!" cried Westover, and he was now distinctly glad he had not tried to sneak out of doing something for her. "Your kindness won't be worse wasted on Durgin than it was on me, in the old days, when I supposed I had taken a second-cabin passage for the voyage of life. There's a great deal of good in him; I don't mean to say he got through his Freshman year without trouble with the college authorities, but the Sophomore year generally brings wisdom."

"Oh," said Mrs. Vostrand, "they're always a little wild at first, I suppose."

Later, the ladies brought Jeff with them when they came to Westover's studio, and the painter perceived that they were very good friends, as if they must have met several times since he had seen them together. He interested himself in the growing correctness of Jeff's personal effect. During his Freshman year, while the rigor of the unwritten Harvard law yet forbade him a silk hat, or a cane, he had kept something of the boy, if not the country boy. Westover had noted that he had always rather a taste for clothes, but in this first year he did not get beyond a derby hat and a sack-coat, varied toward the end by a cutaway. In the outing dress he wore at home he was always effective, but there was something in Jeff's figure which did not lend itself to more formal fashion; something of herculean proportion which would have marked him of a classic beauty perhaps if he had not been in clothes at all, or of a yeomanly vigor and force if he had been clad for work, but which seemed to threaten the more worldly conceptions of the tailor with danger. It was as if he were about to burst out of his clothes, not because he wore them tight, but because there was somehow more of the man than the citizen in him; something native, primitive, something that Westover could not find quite a word for, characterized him physically and spiritually. When he came into the studio after these delicate ladies, the robust Jeff Durgin wore a long frock-coat, with a flower in his button-hole, and in his left hand he carried a silk hat turned over his forearm as he must have noticed people whom he thought stylish carrying their hats. He had on dark gray trousers, and sharp-pointed enamelled-leather shoes; and Westover grotesquely reflected that he was dressed, as he stood, to lead Genevieve Vostrand to the altar.

Westover saw at once that when he made his studio tea for the Vostrands he must ask Jeff; it would be cruel, and for several reasons impossible, not to do so; and he really did not see why he should not. Mrs. Vostrand was taking him on the right ground, as a Harvard student, and nobody need take him on any other. Possibly people would ask him to teas at their own houses, from Westover's studio, but he could not feel that he was concerned in that. Society is interested in a man's future, not his past, as it is interested in a woman's past, not her future.

But when he gave his tea it went off wonderfully well in every way, perhaps because it was one of the first teas of the fall. It brought people together in their autumnal freshness before the winter had begun to wither their resolutions to be amiable to one another, to dull their wits, to stale their stories, or to give so wide a currency to their sayings that they could not freely risk them with every one.

Westover had thought it best to be frank with the leading lady of his class, when she said she should be delighted to receive for him, and would provide suitable young ladies to pour: a brunette for the tea, and a blonde for the chocolate. She took his scrupulosity very lightly, when he spoke of Mrs. Vostrand's educational sojourn in Europe; she laughed and said she knew the type, and the situation was one of the most obvious phases of the American marriage.

He protested in vain that Mrs. Vostrand was not the type; she laughed again, and said, Oh, types were never typical. But she was hospitably gracious both to her and to Miss Genevieve; she would not allow that the mother was not the type when Westover challenged her experience, but she said they were charming, and made haste to get rid of the question with the vivid demand, "But who was your young friend who ought to have worn a lion-skin and carried a club?"

Westover by this time disdained palliation. He said that Jeff was the son of the landlady at Lion's Head Mountain, which he had painted so much, and he was now in his second year at Harvard, where he was going to make a lawyer of himself; and this interested the lady. She asked if he had talent, and a number of other things about him and about his mother; and Westover permitted himself to be rather graphic in telling of his acquaintance with Mrs. Durgin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SILVER CAMPAIGN.

The political campaign which has the next Presidency as its prize is of superlative interest as a crisis in national affairs. It is scarcely less radical than that great cleavage of opinion which led to Mr. Lincoln's election and a freshet of bloodshed. It does not, indeed, threaten the letting of blood, but it presents as an alternative the debasement of the life-blood of commerce and industry—its money system. The suddenness with which political chemistry has evolved the silver disease from a sporadic to an epidemic form is one of the striking features of the situation. Propaganda has ripened into party almost as if it were the unclean fungus-growth of a night.

That the belief in the free coinage of silver without the support of other nations—the legitimate successor of the greenback folly of an earlier date—had a considerable hold in the ranks of both the historic parties was a fact too palpable to be overlooked. The Congressional story of silver has exploited its meaning very clearly. But no sagacity with respect for a reasonable sanity of the public mind could have fancied the extent and depth to which the silver delusion had disseminated its microbes. There was a tendency to laugh at the absurdities of that irresponsible horde calling themselves Populists, of whom the belief in free silver was the least vicious of many vagaries. But who could have suspected that populism had spread its roots with such an energy of germinal increase as to rend in twain all the traditions of the most conservative of the old parties, and to have seriously infected the body of the other? It is useless to shut the eyes to the situation. It has now ceased to be a question of party fealty. The gold Democrat who at this juncture sacrifices the thing to the name, or who does not range himself in the battle where his vote will prove the most effective weapon, or who wills not to risk the lesser of two evils, shows himself minus either sincerity or sagacity.

The platform adopted by the Democratic convention at Chicago diverges widely from the inheritance of the party. It embodies in its planks so much that is alien and even hostile to the policies on which the party has fought many a campaign that it might properly brand itself with another name. It has responded cordially to that unrelated patchwork of opinions contributed by mob sentiment, in which the socialist, the silverite, and the labor-agitator have an equal part. One is reminded of Horace's image:

> "Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
> Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
> Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
> Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."

The horse's head conjoined with the human torso, scattered limbs pitchforked together *à la* Tillman and made more scarecrow by parti colored feathers, the beautiful woman ending in the sea-monster's coils and scales—all these incongruities properly represent the transformed Democracy. "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!" It seemed fit to make the object-lesson still more striking—to yoke the central delusion of free-silver coinage at the 16 to 1 ratio with most of the other fads and follies which the last quarter of a century has spawned. But however miscellaneous the mass of political absurdities in the platform, it will at all events gather under its banner all the free-silver men in the United States. Yet many of them may well wince at some of the doctrines to which they commit themselves in the strange bedfellowship of politics.

The silver propaganda began its active organized work more than two years ago in preparation for the present emergency. The Congressional speeches franked from Washington made a very small moiety of the literature which was scattered "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa." That ingenious farrago written by Mr. Harvey, "Coin's Financial School," was distributed by hundreds of thousands. Other pamphlets and leaflets were sent broadcast, and these agencies were supplemented by lectures delivered by travelling apostles everywhere through the West and South. The effort to spread free-silver views was timely, persistent, and systematic. The work was done quietly and thoroughly under the direction of central agencies at Washington, Chicago, and several of the Southern cities. It is a little singular that this silver mission should have attracted but slight attention at the North, where the public journals are usually so alert in studying the trend of political movements. It can only be explained on the theory that it was associated, so far as known, with the buncombe of Populist agitators, or with the occasional pleas of politicians, members in name of one of the old parties.

The step, however, which went further than any other to crystallize the silver party was the conference held in Washington last January at the instance of the American Bimetallic League. This body was constituted of active and pugnacious spirits, who thought the time had come to force the situation. Its declared object was to arrange for a national convention to name candidates for the ensuing Presidential election; furthermore, to formulate a series of statements on which to appeal to the public. Most of the silver advocates otherwise Republican or Democratic held aloof at the outset. They wished their more daring brethren to start the blaze and test the energy and direction of the flames. But their tacit sympathy and interest gave the conference its sturdiest elements of strength. Such irrepressibles as Senators Jones and Stewart and General A. J. Warner, to be sure, gyrated in the midst like painted savages at a war-dance. But it was quite clear that equally prominent leaders were not yet willing to risk a separation from established political lines. These more conservative spirits hoped for such remedy in the action of one or both of the regular conventions as would save the disgrace of party secession—to the hide-bound politician a bugbear full of terror. Men like Senators Teller, Vest, Harris, Voorhees, *et al*, regarded the new organization as a *deus ex machina*, even while they refrained from any official part in its labors. It would tend to compel a clean-cut issue of silver *vs.* gold in the older parties, in spite of the attempts of straddlers to palter and tinker between factions.

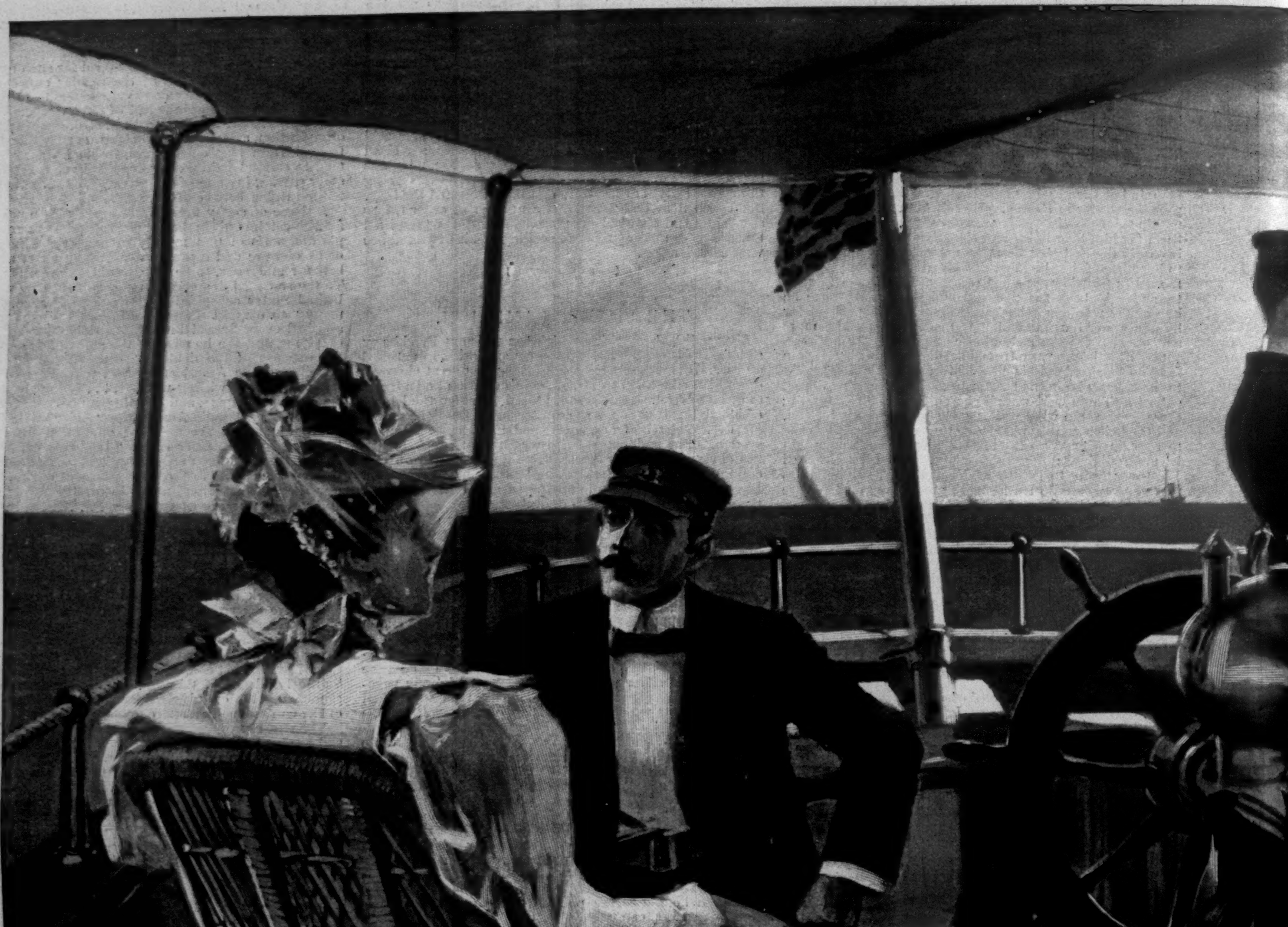
A tissue of crafty fictions was spun with much skill to furnish catchwords in the campaign, and to present a simple diagnosis of that malady of hard times into which many obscure and complex causes had entered. It was bait for gudgeons, to be sure, but killing for its purpose. To the so-called demonetization act of 1873, by which the United States conspired with England, France, and Germany "to commit the great crime of the century," was ascribed every financial and industrial ill—the great fall of prices, and the increase of the gains of the creditor at the expense of the debtor, "paralyzing the productive energies of the American people, relegating to idleness vast numbers of willing workers, . . . filling the land with tramps and paupers, and building up colossal fortunes at the money centres." Among the "silver bricks" put out by these "confidence men" of modern politics the following may be further cited: "It stands confessed that the gold standard can only be upheld by so depleting our paper currency as to force the prices of our products below the European and even below the Asiatic level;" and "the difference of exchange . . . . is equivalent to a bounty equal to the difference between the value of silver and gold in favor of silver-standard countries, . . . and a corresponding tariff against the products of gold-standard countries."

These allegations were not novel, for they were, indeed, the old stock in trade, well dusted and refurbished, and they were afterwards tricked out in the shop window of the pseudo-Democratic-Silverite-Populist convention. But their statement in the challenge of the Bimetallic League conference was perhaps the first official declaration of war. That challenge went to the public, was spread by the hundreds of thousands under the frank of a Congressman, who cunningly incorporated the proceedings of the conference in a speech on bankruptcy.

The silver propaganda has been well managed, and the soil for it was fallow. The statement that the demonetization of silver accounts for low prices and hard times seems to those accustomed to let others do the thinking for them on economic questions an easy solution. It suggests the easiest of all remedies to the myriads who have been persuaded that an ever-expanding volume of currency means profitable activity in the industrial world. It was easy to peddle such a panacea as the great patent medicine of finance. So in spite of the fact that since 1873 the volume of currency has doubled, giving a considerable increase of per capita circulation; in spite of the fact that lessening prices are the infallible logic of increased economy in methods of production as to manufactured articles, and of the enormously rapid increase of grain-growing acreage throughout the world; in spite of the fact that the wage-earners, constituting the great body of the poor classes, would suffer most severely by inflation of prices, as wages are always the last merchandise to rise; in spite of the fact that wages have steadily and materially risen since 1873, while the cost of all the necessaries of life has fallen—the silver-agitators have found among the rural and wage-earning classes willing victims to their delusive indictments of the gold-bug conspiracy against the prosperity of the republic. In the very nature of things these proselytes would be the last of all to recognize the economic fact that one essential cause of hard times and contraction of business is the uncertainty at home and abroad caused by the silver agitation *per se*.

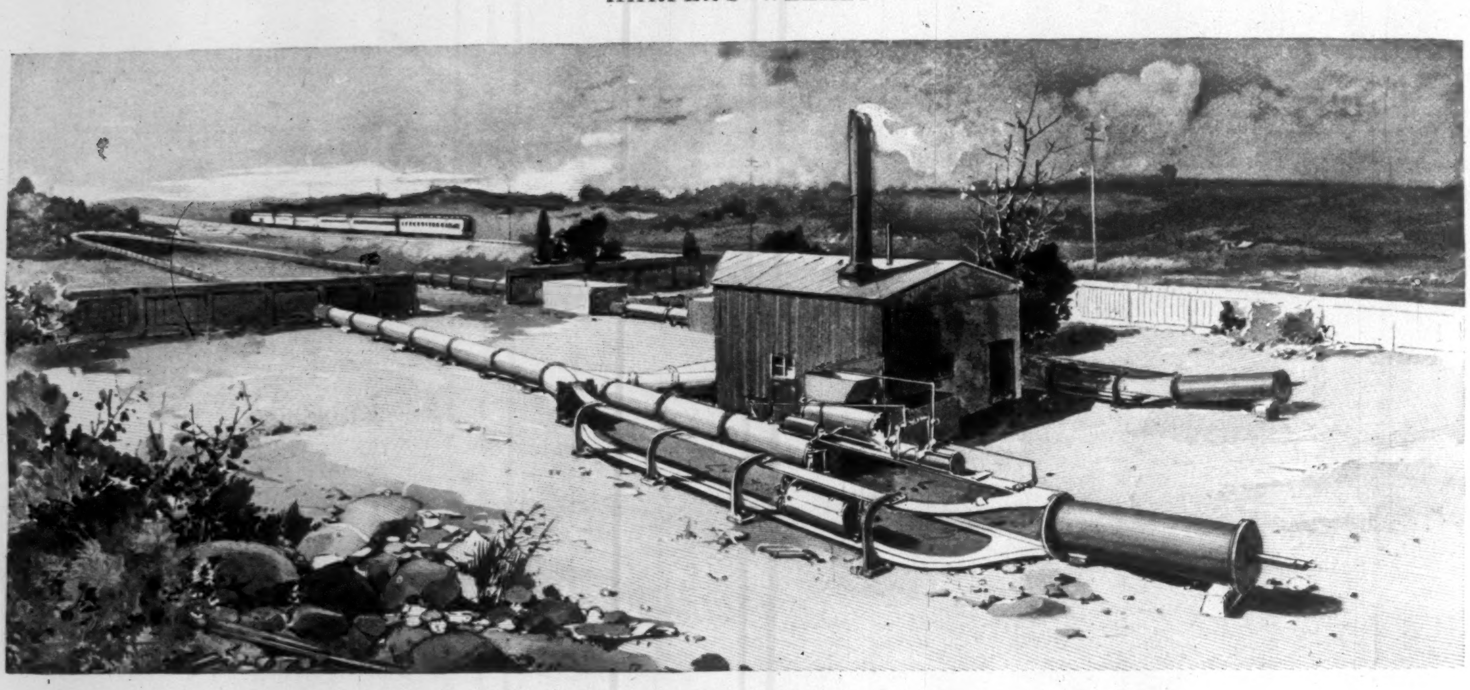
Since last January official organizers on behalf of the free-silver interest have been at work in every State, forming clubs, sowing campaign literature, raising funds, and arranging for lectures. This work it is proposed to extend, if possible, even to school districts, the sole requirement of membership in a club being the pledge not to support any political party or vote for any candidate for any office who does not favor the unrestricted coinage of the two precious metals. Special attention is now being given to the States supposed to be in favor of the gold standard. The free-silver leaders assert that no more thorough and crucial canvass has ever been made than that with which they will seek to make the cause of free-silver coinage win. Confident as the gold men may be in the ultimate sanity of the nation, they cannot afford to exercise one whit less vigilance and industry in the work of education than their opponents. Even the rural districts of the Eastern and Middle States are more or less honeycombed with the silver delusion, the result of the incessant hammering of one idea. To those whose wits are not entirely drunk with the belief in currency inflation the silver advocates craftily urge that the increased market for the product created by free coinage will come near to equalizing the value of gold and silver bullion—a glittering bubble while it remains imprisoned.

Past experience rarely makes its lesson effective in the face of a political frenzy. Lines of illustration always change somewhat, and exigencies fail to repeat themselves exactly. Though the country has had on the whole a period of splendid growth and prosperity since the "demonetization crime," which the silverites hang with crape—a period of increasing wages and lesser cost of living; a period of unparalleled strides not only in enriching the rich, but also the thrifty and frugal poor; a period marked by the rapid liquidation of farm mortgages and the increased value of farm lands—yet the credulity of *hoi polloi*, as great to-day as in the time of the demagogue Cleon, offers at a time of periodical ebb material as plastic to the hand of the silver-agitator as potter's clay. The believers in a gold standard must recognize this fact, and not relapse into the error of cocksureness—one of the blunders worse than a crime. G. T. F.



NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE—WAITING FOR THE YACHTS AT T

T THE TURNING-MARK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 789.]



EXHIBITION PLANT OF PNEUMATIC TUBE, IN OPERATION AT BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

WHY SHOULD THE MAIL SERVICE IN CITIES BE SO SLOW?

THE PNEUMATIC-TUBE SYSTEM.

The postal service of the United States is in a measure accountable for the length of time taken in the preliminary forwarding of mail matter. No possible fault can be found with the general expedition. Postal trains running at the highest rate of speed carry the mails. Methods of handling large masses of matter are marvellous for celerity. Nevertheless there are in all the great centres of population delays more or less vexatious in the starting of mail matter.

The perfect postal service is really nothing more than an express business. With the assurance of the perfect safety of the objects received and delivered, it is the element of speed which is paramount, but the entire system of the post-office is at fault so far as relates to the initial movement of mail matter in the large cities. It is not synchronous. A letter is mailed from New York to Chicago. Once put in the mail-car it tears along at the rate of say forty-five miles an hour until it reaches its destination. But why should that same letter on its way from the General Post-Office in New York to the Forty-second Street depot, during its first transit, take at the very least forty minutes to go over an insignificant 3.23 miles? or as much time again on arrival at Chicago? There are, then, always two delays.

In the endeavor to become familiar with the many conditions of the initial movement of mail matter in the leading cities, a series of questions was addressed to postmasters, and the following answers were received. To the query, "Distance in miles from your main office to the principal railroad depot to which you send, or from which you receive, the largest portion of your mail matter?" the answers received were: In New York the distance was 3.23 miles; time occupied, 40 minutes. For Philadelphia, .68 of a mile; time, 10 minutes. In Chicago, 1.3 miles; time, 30 minutes. In Brooklyn there were two distances, the one 1.63 and the other 3.60 miles, the time being 27 and 35 minutes. Should there be a fog in the East or North River during the water transportation of the Brooklyn mail, several hours might elapse before a landing could be made. In Boston, there being four railroad stations, with $\frac{74}{100}$, $\frac{62}{100}$, $\frac{89}{100}$, and $\frac{53}{100}$ of a mile, the time varied from 20 to 25 minutes. In St. Louis the distance was 1.18 miles; the time, 15 minutes. In Baltimore, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, and the time, 25 minutes. The variations in the time are due to the accidents of position, but invariably the larger the city the longer is the time required.

Such alleviations as have been brought about by the Post-office Department by the use of surface roads are most worthy of praise, but in the large cities obstructions to rapidity of movement must be constant. Streets are being continually blocked. When there is a heavy snow-storm all the roads leading from depots to post-offices, or in the opposite direction, are for a time impracticable. In New York the difficulties of sending or receiving mail matter within its own limits are always increasing. When there is a Greater New York, or an enlarged Chicago, the trouble must ever go on in an augmenting quantity. Why should there not be, not one or two, but three or four daily deliveries of the letters written in New York and addressed to New York?

Branch offices in all the great cities are necessities, and they will be always increasing in number. The question having been asked of postmasters as to the number of their branch offices and the total distances from the main central office, a summary of the replies is as follows:

	Branch offices. No.	Total distance to branch offices. Miles.
In New York	24	155.22
" Philadelphia	37	187.02
" Chicago	40	322.99
" Brooklyn	16	80.42
" Boston	21	79.00
" St. Louis	23	35.00
" Baltimore	31	195.08

As to the time necessary to send a mail-bag from any central office to a branch office, the data, if available, would be valueless. They would vary according to conditions. In certain cases a letter carried 100 miles by railroad within three hours arrives at a city, plus the time necessary to transport it to and from the main office by wagon. Then the letter may have to go by wagon to a branch office. Sometimes this additional say five miles occupies a time represented by an hour and a half. The railroad has carried the letter at a speed of $33\frac{1}{3}$ miles an hour, while the wagon or other method of transportation has gone at the rate of $3\frac{1}{3}$ miles in the hour. Then the average speed of the letter over a total distance of 105 miles is only 23.333 miles per hour, and that is very slow time indeed. When many tons of mail matter must be forwarded, it is in overcoming the *vis inertiæ* at the beginnings, twice occurring, that the main difficulty lies.

This bulk of mailable matter, unless all the wheels of commerce be blocked, will go on augmenting and augmenting, and particularly in the large cities, because they are the centres of receipts and deliveries, and it makes no matter whether they are on the seaboard, as is New York, or central, as is Chicago. The following statistics show this. In New York, during 1890, the daily weight of mailable matter was 332 tons. In 1895 it was 486 tons. In Philadelphia the increase is ten per cent. In Chicago this increase has gone with leaps and bounds, and for a certain class of matter has showed an increase of thirty per cent. In Boston, eight and a half per cent. In St. Louis, sixteen per cent., and with a notable augmentation in Baltimore.

As to the cost of the initial movement of the mailable matter, that varies, and the exact figures are obtainable from the Postmaster-General. It must amount to a good round sum. For instance, the service between New York and Brooklyn is carried on by wagons, making thirty-six trips daily. Its speed is fair, but it never can be rapid enough to suffice for the wants of letter communication between two great cities; and exactly similar conditions exist in St. Louis, and are particularly emphasized in Chicago.

Considered, then, in its proper light, this city transportation of mail matter is distinctly behind the age, and belongs to the first half of the present century. Nothing herein is even intimated as to the safety of such conveyance of mail by wagons or surface cars. It is exceptional where robbery is brought to light. But the main factor of the postal system being speed, all city movement of mail is provokingly slow; and, what is worse, in the time to come, when there will be more material to be sent and more chances of streets being blocked, this movement will be even more snail-paced.

On a meadow near Burlington, New Jersey, there is stretched along for the distance of half a mile a line of connected iron tubing. These tubes are made at a neighboring foundry. With the exception that they have two grooves cast in them they are nothing but common water-mains. The tubes are just as they came from the foundry. Like all such piping, requiring connecting so as to withstand ordinary water pressure, the tubes have been faced at the ends, and are secured with nuts and bolts, a slight coating of litharge or white-lead having been applied, as is usual, to the squared surfaces.

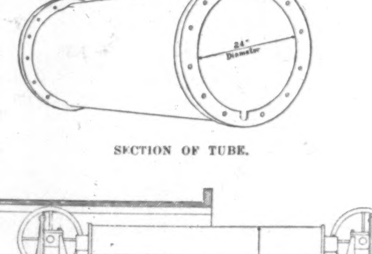
Referring to the illustration above, it will be seen that there is a double line of piping running parallel, and at the turn the curve is a sudden one. A diagram below gives the diameter of the tube with its grooves, which is twenty-four inches. The entire plant and the method of work can be at once understood. There is a small engine, which runs a blower of no extraordinary size or uncommon pattern. The motive power, placed in a temporary house, is an ordinary engine of not more than twenty horse-power. The carrier, or the wagon, is shown in another diagram in its longitudinal section, just as it is placed in the tube. This carrier is a circular metal box, of sheet-iron or of bronze. It runs on four wheels, two of which are above and two below. The wheels are mounted on pivots, which have a free lateral movement; of these four wheels, two of them follow the upper groove, two the lower groove. The engine is set in motion, the fan revolves, and the air at the start is received in a short cast-iron tube and stored. As soon as a sufficient pressure is reached, a comparatively low one of sixty pounds, taking hardly any time, the carrier is set by hand in the tube, the wheels adjusted to the grooves, the air is let on, and away travels the carrier along the tubes, around the curve, and comes out at the exit or terminal. Starting at one or the other side of the engine-house, according to where it is placed, the carrier makes the entire circuit. Now as to the speed. The half-mile is made in fifty seconds, then the whole mile would be made in a minute and forty seconds. For all practical purposes the carrier moves at the speed of thirty-three miles an hour. This speed is not a maximum but a minimum one, for the absolute air pressure on the carrier is only six ounces to the square inch. Very much faster time could be imparted by an increased air pressure.

It can be understood that for the return trip of the carrier all that has to be done is to reverse the direction of the blower. The carrier is then sucked through the line of tubing, and so arrives at the terminal from whence it may have first started.

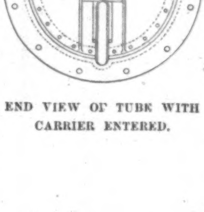
In a series of workings made for the writer, carriers were repeatedly sent forwards and backwards, all arriving safely at their destination and at the rate of speed indicated. There was a little sound of in-rushing air at the start, a long rumble, and then in a short time, a little over the half-minute, there was the carrier, quietly landed.

The carriers used were of sheet-iron, and would weigh 450 pounds. New carriers, of bronze, which would be lighter to handle, are to be substituted; but the heavy iron ones worked perfectly. In the carrier there would be placed the mail-bags, many of them, the length of the carrier being 3 feet and diameter 22 inches. These carriers are closed by means of two locks and keys, so that they could be only opened by the proper post-office officials.

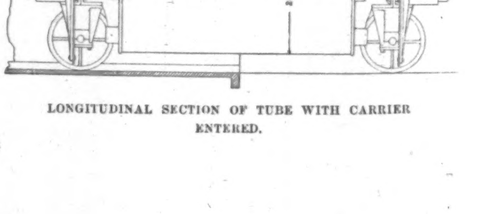
As to the matter of speed, that being settled, then comes the question of the continuous movement of the carriers. If there were long intervals of time necessary between the sending of one carrier and the next one, the rapid movement of a single carrier would not suffice. The question of continuous service presents no difficulty. Just as fast as a carrier could be put into the tube it went on its way, to be followed by other carriers, and all of them travelled along at the same rate of speed, and were delivered seriatim at the terminals, and without interference. The method of pneumatic transmission makes an air cushion between any two carriers, so that telescoping seems to be impossible. In front and back of each carrier there is a shield of rubber. There might, however, be another danger. If the carrier and its load, the mail-bags, were "fired," like Captain Zalinsky's shells, from a pneumatic gun, and the carrier with the letters shot into the air, or ejected parallel with the ground at the terminals, the contents might be torn to atoms. To guard against such contingencies there is the simplest of devices. As the carrier approaches its terminal, say at the distance of fifty feet, there is a gate which holds in the air. As the carrier nears its terminal the speed is naturally diminished. The air acts like a brake. When quite near the end, by an automatic movement, imparted by the carrier, the gate opens. The carrier then is delivered slowly —its impetus is gone. It has just speed enough to roll its way leisurely along an open tramway which has a slight up grade, and then it comes to rest in a tube where there is a last air cushion. This is shown particularly in the illustration



SECTION OF TUBE.



END VIEW OF TUBE WITH CARRIER ENTERED.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF TUBE WITH CARRIER ENTERED.

How is switching carried out? The carrier would be required to deliver its mail-bags at various railroad depots or branch post-offices. Any one who has seen the type-setting machinery of to-day can at once appreciate what is exactness of automatic movement, and how the many types are switched off, each one finding its own particular receptacle. The carriers have each its individuality, and will change direction automatically, moving to the right or the left of the main tube and passing along a side line. Many trials were made in switching carriers on this pipe-line, and there were no wrong deliveries. Close to the fence in the illustration, on the tube to the right, there may be seen a square form; this is one of the switch-boxes, and the carrier is shunted off here and travelled through a distinct tube, which is shown to the extreme right.

As to the size of the tubes, twenty-four inches, this could be notably increased did the exigencies of any large mail service require it. It would not be a question of strength of iron tube, but increase of air pressure.

In working the passage of the carriers hardly any precautions were necessary. As to the plant itself, the tubing had been exposed through the winter to the cold and during this spring to the heat, and no measures had been taken to protect it. There might have been expansion, contraction, or deflection, but that seemed to make no difference. The apparatus worked at once, without a hitch, and required no special skill.

There always will be accidents in any mechanical system, as likely to occur to a watch as to the engine of a transatlantic steamer. If, then, a carrier should come to grief, or stick, say, from a broken wheel, just where the accident happened can be indicated by a common and well-known electrical device. Then again the tubes are large enough for human exploration. There is nothing new in pneumatic propulsion. It is centuries old. For the transmission of mail matter, however, plans before this have been little more than toys, and complicated at that. They were impracticable for the carrying on of the vast business of great post-office centres as they exist to-day in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. It is the simplicity, the inexpensive character, of this Burlington plant which is remarkable. As to the mounting of grades, even steep ones, with this system, such difficulties need barely be noticed.

Supposing, then, that from the main post-office in New York city such a pipe-line were laid to the Forty-second Street depot. Within four minutes there would be service between these two points. It could be worked to all the depots and branch offices. The letter written by one New-Yorker and addressed to another New-Yorker, no matter how far distant within the city, would certainly reach him within a couple of hours, the time of the longest hand delivery being added. There could be three or four of such local deliveries in every ten hours, and as many answers given.

The initial movement of mail matter in our large cities is lamentably behind that of London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, for in most of these capitals there is a partial transmission of the mails by means of pneumatic tubes. It has been noted that in no country is the man whose business it is to carry or collect or sort the mail of so high an order of intelligence as the one attached to the United States Post-office Department, but the machinery to add to his efficiency is inadequate at the very start.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

THE CORTELYOU FEUD.

It could never have happened to us anywhere but at Mrs. Blodgett's. I say this not with bitterness at but in calm recognition of that universally esteemed lady. Abroad, with the lords chamberlain, herald's offices, and peerages, it would be impossible. In the far West, where the biography and genealogy of the leading families are not subjects for polite conversation, it might occur frequently. But in New York, lying between these two extremes, one is safe, except from accidents due to the unfortunate existence of a peculiar class of people.

The kind I refer to are those described as having a good heart. Such an organ involves, as a natural corollary, a weak head. These qualities in combination are a terrible menace to society; for, owing to the very goodness of heart, their possessors are forgiven over and over again, and repeat their ill deeds with as much immunity from punishment as a New York police captain. Every social circle has one or more of these half-criminals, and in that in which my lot was cast Mrs. Blodgett was unequalled for the number, ingenuity, and innocence of her mistakes. Omitting all hearsay and they-say knowledge, I was her forty-seventh victim; and as pœnologists affirm that more than half of the criminal acts are undiscovered, it can be seen what a danger people with good hearts are to society.

The lady who always tells me when I do wrong—and I need not be more descriptive to married men—has held me responsible for that evening; and since she married me, her husband is not the one to impeach her good judgment and discrimination. She insists that, knowing Mrs. Blodgett, I should have come early, and so had time to arrange matters quietly. I appeal to any man if it would ever occur to him to get to a dinner early on the possibility that he was to sit next a lighted shell, in order to explain to his hostess that he didn't like explosives. All New York has known for years of our family feud. It's been common property ever since our esteemed ancestors thrashed it out in court, to the enjoyment of the public and the disruption of our family. For forty years dinners, lunches, yachting trips, and house parties have been arranged so as to keep a proper distance between the descendants of my grandfather John Cortelyou and of his nephew Dabney. Sometimes I have seen one of the latter at the extreme opposite end of a large dinner table, and I have had other glimpses of them here and there. But no matter how close chance brought us together, we always succeeded in maintaining a dignified unconsciousness of each other's existence till that evening.

I was, I confess, thirty minutes late, and merely grabbing the last little envelope on the tray the footman offered me, hurried down stairs. On my way I naturally looked at the card inside, and read:

Mr. Pellew.
Miss Cortelyou.

That meant nothing to me. The name is not an uncommon one, and I have taken in my aunts often enough to get accustomed to the occurrence even in the family. So, without a second thought of the matter, I entered the drawing-room and went through my greeting with Mrs. Blodgett.

"I was on the point of suicide," she told me, "thinking you had failed me. As it is, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter have just sent me word that Milly has croup."

"I think my note said half after seven," I stated, boldly. When one is very late it is always best to put one's hostess in the wrong, and a mistake more or less to Mrs. Blodgett was immaterial.

"Oh, never!" she said, so guiltily that I was really sorry for her. "Well, we can't discuss it now. We were just going in without you, and we'll go on, leaving you to find your partner by the process of elimination. I haven't left you Hobson's choice, however."

I glanced round, and as the couples had gravitated together, I easily picked out the only single figure left, and went towards it. She was turned from me, and was standing by Ferdie Gallaudet and his partner, who had not yet moved.

"That back is too young and pretty for Aunt Ellen or Madge," was my first thought. My second was a spoken one, and merely consisted of the trite, "I am to have the pleasure, Miss Cortelyou."

She was saying something to the girl, and she went on saying it, with her head over her shoulder, even as she rested her hand on my arm and walked away. And just as I was going to look at her, I caught sight of Ferdie's face, and fell to wondering what could ail him that he looked so queer. We had been close to the hall door, and before she had finished her remark, or I had ceased from wondering, we were through it and in the half-gloom of the hall.

"I beg your pardon," she said, turning to me, and speaking very sweetly. "It was a message, and I had only just begun when you came."

"What a nice voice you have!" was my thought. "What a nuisance messages are!" was my remark. Then we entered the dining-room, and I glanced at my partner. It was Kate Cortelyou!

She looked at me at the same moment, and as our eyes met, a look of aghast surprise appeared on both faces. At least that's what I felt in myself and saw in her. Horror succeeded as a next sensation and expression. Woman like, she looked appealingly towards her hostess, and, man like, I took a step towards the hall door. In another second I think I should have bolted, but just then Ferdie Gallaudet said, "Here's your seat, Jack," with a grin like a Cheshire cat on his face. I looked at Kate and she looked at me. Then we both looked at the chairs. Mechanically I stepped to them and pulled out that on the right of mine. Kate's eyelashes fluttered for a moment, as if she were hesitating; then she slipped into the seat, and the next moment I was sitting beside her. But really, nice-looking as she was, I wished I had broken my leg on my way to the meal.

I looked towards my left to see if any escape was possible, but my neighbor on that side was that horrible perpetual motion of a Mrs. Gunther, and, besides, she was very properly occupied with her partner. I glanced past Kate to see if she could escape me, for anything was better than the alternative. Next her were two empty seats. Mrs. Blodgett's good heart had done its worst.

I will say this for the Cortelyou women, whether friends or enemies: I've never seen them show the white feather in action; and just as I was preparing to collapse under this accumulation of horrors, Kate turned to me, with the sweetest of smiles, and said,

"It's ghastly, but every one except Mrs. Blodgett is watching us."

I gave a furtive glance at the other guests. They were all pretending to talk, but were all clearly missing nothing that we did. Wasn't she clever to have seen it so quickly?

"They hope we'll make a show of the family for their benefit," I growled.

"Can't we—" suggested Kate, and then hesitated, and blushed very prettily. The Cortelyou women are plucky, but Kate was only nineteen.

I never was good as leader, but at the shafts I'm steady and reliable. "Of course we can," I responded, won by that blush.

"Don't frown, then," smiled Kate.

"I was not frowning at you," I hastened to say.

"But they'll think you are," she replied.

I tried to look as pleased as Kate so successfully pretended to be, and she rewarded me with a "That's better," and a smile.

"Now," she continued, "how can we do it?"

"I'm pretty well up on the litany," I whispered. "If you can ask the questions, I can respond with the 'miserable sinner' part."

Kate laughed merrily, even while shaking her head. Kate has nice teeth. "You are painfully frank," she said.

"Frank?"

"Yes. I don't believe you are a bit more miserable than I am, but I don't groan aloud."

"Oh, I say!" I exclaimed, rather horrified at the construction my speech had been given. "It would be pure form, you know, just as it is in church, and not mean a bit more than it does when the sinner's pretty and wears a French gown."

Kate drew her mouth down into a church-going expression, which was very fetching in its demureness, but which wasn't suitable for our public performance, so I remarked:

"Don't look so serious. The saintly vein suits the Madonna type, but the Cortelyou forte lies in quite another direction."

I won another laugh from those unsaintly lips. "You are worse than I thought," she said.

"Then you have thought of me?" I said, beginning to mellow under her laugh. That was a mistake, for her face instantly became serious, and her eyes gave a flash.

"What I think is my own concern," she said. "The Cortelyou women are stunning when they look haughty.

Being one of the family, however, I am too accustomed to the look to be as entirely crushed by it as others are. "Who's frowning now?" I inquired. I thought I'd learn what kind of a temper Kate had.

She smiled very well, but her eyes gleamed, and I knew that she'd pay me out for my speech when she got the chance.

"We can't begin like this," she said. "Suggest something else."

"I once heard of a poor couple in an English county who were always sitting next each other, so they agreed to count alternative tens up to a thousand," I answered.

"I'm afraid you haven't enough facial control for that," said Kate, sweetly, and looking the picture of contentment. I thought her remark unnecessary, considering we had been face to face only a few minutes, and that she had just lost control of hers.

"Then suggest something yourself," I muttered.

"As the photographer says, 'A little more smile, please,'" responded Kate. "Yes, you unquestionably have the Cortelyou temper," she added, genially.

"If I had," I replied, "I should long since have turned to Mrs. Gunther, who is dying for a listener." I thought I'd let Kate see *I* wasn't helpless.

She realized my advantage, but she wouldn't retreat. The Cortelyou women never do. Yet she knew enough to allow the honors of war to a hard-driven enemy. "The Cortelyou men are gentlemen," she said. Wasn't that a neat way of telling me that I would never fail a woman in distress? I felt pleased that she understood the family so well as to have no fear for the conduct of even her bitterest enemy. "Besides," she continued, "I like the Cortelyou temper." I raised my eyebrows. "Yes," she said. "It's an absolutely reliable factor. Now, papa—" Then she hesitated, realizing the slip.

With an older girl I should have let her flounder and enjoyed it, but she was so young, and blushed so prettily, that I had to help her out. "Don't keep me in suspense about your father," I said, in my most interested of tones, as if I truly wanted to know something of that blot on the 'scutcheon. This was my second mistake, and a bad one.

"We'll leave Mr. Dabney Cortelyou out of the conversation, please," she said, looking me in the eyes. Was there ever a meaner response to an act of pure charity than that?

By-the-way, Kate's eyes are not Cortelyou. I wondered where she got them from. When we are mad we contract ours, which is ugly. She opens hers, which is—I tried to make her do it again by saying, "You should set a better example, then." No good: she had got back to her form, and was smiling sweetly.

"They are furiously disappointed so far," she remarked.

"What an old curiosity shop the world is about other people's affairs! It's no concern of theirs that my grandfather and your"—I faltered, and went on—"that my grandfather had a row in his family. We don't talk of it." When I said "we" I meant the present company, but unfortunately Kate took it to mean our faction, and knowing of her father's idle blabbing, she didn't like it.

"Your side has always dodged publicity," she said, viciously, though smiling sweetly. Kate's smile must be her strong card.

"We have maintained a dignified silence," I responded, calmly; but I knew that a dagger thrust below that beautifully modelled throat would be less cruel.

She tried to carry the wound bravely. "My father is quite justified in letting the truth be known," she affirmed.

"Then why don't you, too, give public house-warmings to the family-skeleton closet?" I inquired blandly. That was really a triumph, for Kate had never talked outside about the wretched business. She couldn't even respond with what she thought; for if she said that it was always the side in the wrong which talked, she was no better off, because we, like her, had kept silence, but her father had chattered it all over town. She looked down, and I gloated over her silence, till suddenly I thought I saw a suggestion of moisture on the down-turned lids. What I said to myself was not flattering, and, besides, is not fit for publication. What I said aloud I still glow over with pride when it recurs to memory.

"Beware of the aspic!" I exclaimed, hastily. "I've just burned my tongue horribly." And I reached for the ice-water.

She was as quick as I had been. The Cortelyou girls are quick, but she—well, I think the ancestress who gave her those eyes must have been a little quicker.

"You spoke a moment too late," she said, looking up at me. "I had just done the same, and feel like weeping." I wondered what the recording angel wrote against those two speeches? Then suddenly she began to laugh.

"What is it?" I queried.

"Taste your aspic," she said. It was as cool as it should have been hot. We both laughed so heartily that Mr. Blodgett called, "Come; don't keep such a good story to yourselves."

"Pretend you are so engrossed that you didn't hear," said Kate, simulating the utmost interest. "Aren't we doing well?"

"Thanks to you," I replied.

"Thanks to the Cortelyous," said Kate. "They might have known that we'd never have a public circus to please them."

"Isn't it nice," I responded, "since we had to have a fracas, that it should be between ladies and gentlemen? Just supposing there had been some cad concerned, who would have written to the papers and talked to reporters!"

"That was impossible, because we are all Cortelyous," explained Kate. I like a girl who stands up for her stock.

"Yes," I assented. "And that's the advantage of having family rows."

"I want to tell you," she went on, "that you do my father a great injustice. Some natures are silent in grief or pain, and some must cry out. Because he talks, merely means that he suffers."

I longed to quote her remark about leaving her father out of the conversation, but having just said there were no cads in the family, the quotation was unavailable. Instead I remarked, "Not knowing Mr. Dabney Cortelyou, I have had no chance to do him justice."

"But what you hear—" she began, with the proudest of looks; and it really hurt me to have to interrupt her by saying,

"Since I only hear of him from his dearest friends, I naturally take a somewhat jaundiced view of him."

"I suppose you are surrounded by toadies who pretend to know him," she said, contemptuously.

I was not to be made angry. I was enjoying the dinner too much. "It would be a very terrible thing for our mutual friends," I continued, "if the breach was ever healed, and we exchanged notes as to their tattling."

"Fortunately they are in no danger," she said, more cheerfully—indeed, I might say, more gleefully—than it seemed to me the occasion required.

"Fortunately," I assented, out of self-respect. Then I

"SHE WAS SAYING SOMETHING TO THE GIRL, AND SHE WENT ON SAYING IT, WITH HER HEAD OVER HER SHOULDER."

weakened by adding, "But what a pity it is you and I didn't have the settling of that farm-line!"

"My father could not have acted otherwise," she challenged back.

"And the courts decided that my grandfather was right."

"I should have done just as he did," she replied.

"Then you acknowledge my grandfather was right?"

"I!"—indignantly.

"You just said you should have done as he did!" I said, laughing. "No. Of course both of them were justified in everything but in their making a legal matter a family quarrel. If we had had it to do, it would have been done amicably, I think."

"What makes you so sure?" she asked.

"Because I am sweet-tempered, and you are—"

She wouldn't accept a compliment from me, so interrupted me with, "My father has one of the finest natures I have ever known."

"'Physician, know thyself,'" I quoted, getting in the compliment in spite of her.

"That's more than you do," she replied, smiling.

This could be taken in two ways, but I preferred to make it applicable to her rather than to myself. I said, "Our acquaintance has been short."

"But we know all about the stock," she said.

"I'm proud of the family," I went on; "but don't let's be Ibsenish."

"I knew you didn't like him," said Kate, confidentially. "I don't either."

"He's rather rough on us old families," I remarked.

"Sour grapes," explained Kate. "The wouldn't-be-cause-I-can't-be people always stir up the sediments of my Cortelyou temper."

"I thought you liked the Cortelyou temper?" I suggested.

"In anybody but myself," she explained. "With others it's really a great help. Now, with my brothers, I know just how far I can go safely, and it's easy to manage them."

"I suppose that accounts for the ease with which you manage me?"

She laughed demurely, and replied, "I think we're both on our good behavior."

"I'm afraid our respective and respected parents won't think so."

This made her look serious, and I wondered if her father could be brute enough ever to lose that awful temper of his at such a charming daughter. The thought almost made me lose mine. "They can't blame you," I assured her. "Your father—"

"Is sure that everything I do is right," she interrupted. "But Mrs. Pellew?"

"We will not make Mrs. Pellew—"

Kate saw I was going to use her own speech, and she interrupted in turn. "Of course you are over twenty-one," she continued, "but the Cortelyou women always lead. I hope she won't be very bad to you."

She certainly had paid me off, and to boot, for my earlier speech. And the nasty thing about it was that any attempt to answer her would look as if I felt there was truth in her speech, which was really ridiculous. Though I home with my mother, my friends know who is the real master of the house.

"Any one living with a Cortelyou woman must confess her superiority," I said, bowing my head deferentially.

"Yes," she said, nodding her head knowingly. "People say that she spoils you. Now I see how you do it."

"We have only exchanged Ibsen for Mrs. Grundy," I complained.

"'Excelsior' is a good rule," said Kate.

"That's what you'll be doing in a moment," said I, trying to look doleful, for we were eating the game course.

"How well you do it!" replied Kate. "You ought to go on the stage. What a pity that you should waste your time on clubs and afternoon teas!"

"Look here," I protested. "I've done my best all through dinner, considering my Cortelyou temper, and now, just because it's so nearly over that you don't need me any longer is no reason for making such speeches. I don't go to my club once a week, and I hate afternoon teas."

"That sampler has become positively threadbare," replied Kate. "I really think it must be worked in worsted, and hung up in all the New York clubs, like 'God bless our home!' and 'Merry Christmas!'"

"I much prefer hearts to clubs, for a steady trump," I remarked.

"You play billiards, I presume?" she inquired.

"Yes," I innocently replied.

"What's your average run?"

It was a terrible temptation she shoved under my nose, but I realized the trap, and was too wary to be caught. "Oh, four, when I'm in good form."

"Really?"

"Really." I did not choose to add that I was talking of the balk-line game, not caring to be too technical with a woman.

"That's very curious!" she said.

"I suppose some devoted friend of mine has told you I'm only a billiard-marker?" I inquired.

"No—but—"

"But?"

"Nothing."

"George Washington became President by always telling the truth."

"That's the advantage of being a woman," replied Kate. "We don't have to scheme and plot and crawl for the Presidency."

"How about spring bonnets?" I mildly insinuated.

"Does your mother have a very bad time persuading you to pay for hers?" laughed Kate.

I didn't like the question, so I said, "You haven't told me what that 'nothing' was?"

"I oughtn't," urged Kate.

"Then I know you will," I said, confidently.

"Well, Seymour Halsey said to Weedon the other night, 'I wish you could play with Jack Pellew, so as to knock some of his airs out of him!'"

"Why," I exclaimed, "I could play cushion caroms against your brother's straight game and beat him!"

"I never believed that story about George Washington, anyway," said Kate, with a singular want of relevance.

"No woman ever did," I answered, squaring accounts promptly.

Here I saw the little preliminary flutter among the ladies, and knowing that I should never speak to Kate again, I said: "Miss Cortelyou, I'm afraid an unkind remark of mine a little while ago gave you pain. You've probably forgotten it already, but I never shall cease to regret I made it."

"Don't think of it again," she replied, rising. "And thank you for a pleasant evening."

"Don't blame me for that," I begged, hastily. "It was your own fault."

"Not entirely," denied Kate. "We did it so well that I'm proud of the family."

"I decline to share this honor with my grandfather," I protested, indignantly. "He couldn't keep his temper, bother him!"

We were at the door now, and Kate gave me the prettiest of parting nods and smiles. "Wasn't it a pity?" she said. That was distinctly nice of her. Just like a Cortelyou woman.

"Whew! Jack," said Ferdie Gallaudet. "I thought I should die, and expected to sit on your body at the post-mortem." Ferdie thinks he's clever!

"Oh, shut up, Ferdie," I growled, dropping back into my seat.

"Don't wonder your temper's queered," persisted the little ass. "'Wotinell' did you talk about?"

"Family matters," I muttered.

"Oh, I say, that's a bit shiny at the joints. It was too well done to have verged on that subject."

"We talked family matters, and enjoyed it," I insisted.

"Ever hear of George Washington?" inquired Ferdie.

"Kate mentioned him to me to-night, and I promised to put him up at the Knickerbocker for a month."

"Kate!" exclaimed Ferdie. I lighted my cigar. "Kate!" he repeated, with a rising inflection. "Now look here, I wasn't born yesterday."

"Where's your family Bible?" I inquired, blandly.

"You'll be saying next that to-night's arrangement was by 'special request.'"

"You were across the table," I replied. "Draw your own conclusions."

"I suppose you'll join her later," said Ferdie, in an irritating manner.

I wouldn't be bluffed by him, so I replied, pointedly, "I may, to save her from worse."

"Give you odds on it," offered Ferdie.

"I don't make bets where women are concerned," I crushingly responded.

"Sorry the strain has left you so bad-tempered," said Ferdie, rising. "There's Caldwell beckoning to me. Ta ta!"

I have liked Caldwell ever since.

When we joined the ladies I went over to Kate.

"This is positively persecution," she smilingly protested.

"I know it," I cheerfully groaned. "But I had to for the sake of the family."

"A family is a terrible thing to live up to!" sighed Kate.

"Terrible!" I ejaculated.

"Fortunately it will only be for a moment," she assured me.

"If you go at once," I urged, "they'll all think it's the feud."

"What a nuisance!" cried Kate. "I ought to be on my way to a musical this very minute."

"On the principle that music hath charms?" I queried.

"Good-night!" she said, holding out her hand. I had already noticed what pretty hands Kate had.

"Forgive me!" I begged.

"Never!" she replied.

"You are serious?" I questioned, and she understood what I meant as if I had said it. I do like people who can read between the lines.

She amended her "never" to, "Well, not till I have had my chance to even the score."

"Take it now."

"I haven't time."

"I will submit to anything."

"My revenge must be deep."

"I will do the thing I most hate."

"Even afternoon teas?"

I faltered in voice while saying, "Even afternoon teas!"

"Then I'll send you a card for mine," she said, and left me, crushed and hopeless.

No. That didn't end the feud. It only led to a truce. For a time things went very well, but then the quarrel broke out with renewed force. You see, Kate claimed I spoiled the boy, and I claimed she did the spoiling. So we submitted it to arbitration. My mother said Kate was very judicious, and her father declared I was a model parent. Then we called in his godmother, and she decided we all four spoiled him. It's been open war ever since, with an occasional brief cessation of hostilities whenever Kate kisses me. After the boy's grown up, I suppose, peace will come again. His godmother? Oh! Mrs. Blodgett. You see, we couldn't do less, for she had talked it all over town that the match was of her making. Her making! In ten cases out of nine she would have had a disrupted dinner. It's lucky for her that Kate was a Cortelyou woman!

Paul Leicester Ford.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON, SHOWING MOUNT HOOD IN THE DISTANCE—ALTITUDE 11,952 FEET.

OYSTER ROCK FROM YAQUINA BAY.—Photographed by Alfred Munroe.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON, SHOWING MOUNT ST. HELENS, SIXTY MILES AWAY—ALTITUDE, 9,750 FEET.

THE ROCK OYSTERS OF YAQUINA BAY.—[See Page 786.]

THE ROCK OYSTERS OF YAQUINA BAY.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

DURING their occasional seasons of relaxation from public duty, United States Senators and Representatives assembled at Washington are apt to gather in groups, relate anecdotes, and exchange interesting bits of information concerning their respective home localities. Some irreverent Americans have been so lacking in respect as to characterize this instructive intercourse as "swapping lies"; but of course every Congressman knows his associates to be monuments of veracity, and incapable of deviating from the imaginary line of truth. Therefore, no matter how surprising may be the statements of any member concerning the pre-eminently favored portion of this favored country from which he hails, they are received with a decorous credence, his hearers only racking their brains for something of a more surprising nature with which to paralyze him in turn. Thus, when a member from Florida declares oysters to be one of the most valuable orchard crops of his State, where the best of them are always grown on trees, some member from Oregon generally retorts that in his State the finest oysters are found embedded in solid rock, from which they are mined as though they were gold, silver, or precious stones. This astounding assertion taxes even the gullibility of a Congressman, and noting the hesitation with which it is received, the member from Oregon immediately and always telegraphs home for a sample of oyster rock containing live oysters, to be forwarded to him with all despatch. In the course of a week or two it arrives, and though its entombed mollusks are generally dead, olfactory evidence is not wanting to prove that they were recently alive. Thus is the veracity of the web-foot member so triumphantly vindicated that he may thereafter dilate upon Oregonian marvels to his heart's content, unchallenged even by a smile of incredulity.

In a roundabout way from Washington I thus heard of rock oysters years ago, but had not credited the tale at the time, and had long since forgotten all about it, when one very hot day in September I found myself in the busy city of Portland, Oregon, wondering whither I should next direct my course. I had visited the fine new public library, ridden on all the cable-car lines, been entertained in the luxurious home of the Portland Club, and had been given ocular demonstration that the principal wholesale business street presented a scene of activity equal to any in San Francisco.

Now I wanted to escape the stifling clouds of smoke from forest fires, in which the city as well as a large part of Oregon and much of Washington was at that time enveloped. The smoke clouds not only obscured the glorious views of Mount Hood and the perfect cone of Mount St. Helens—generally to be seen to such fine advantage from Portland—and rendered a trip up the Columbia undesirable, but they filled the city with gloom, and made one long for a glimpse of blue sky as well as for a breath of fresh air. Under these conditions flight to the sea-side naturally suggested itself; for, like the Portland of Maine, this Portland of the far West possesses sea-side resorts of an attractive quality, though, to be sure, they may only be reached after an all night's run by steamer down the Columbia to Astoria. From there the tourist may go by rail for ten miles or so down the southern, or Oregon, beach, or he may cross the broad estuary forming the mouth of the mighty river to Ilwaco, on the Washington side, and skirt the north beach by rail to Sealand, passing popular resorts with such suggestive names as Seaview, Long Beach, Oceanside, Edgewater, and Ocean Park. From Sealand, if he wishes to continue his exploration, he may again take steamer and cross the broad expanse of Shoalwater Bay—or rather Willapa Harbor, for since government jetties and dredgers have provided an ample channel the former suggestive name has become obsolete. He may therefore cross Willapa Harbor to the coming city of South Bend, and there study a Western metropolis in embryo.

While considering the possibilities of these several places and searching for the Astoria steamer, I ran across a fish-market, in which the very first sign was "Rock oyster stews." At sight of it the Congressional legend of long ago flashed into my mind, and I was instantly engaged in a pursuit of the rock oyster in its native haunts. In a twinkling it had been transformed from a myth into a reality. Entering the stall, I ordered a stew—which, by-the-way, proved delicious—and entered into conversation with the proprietor. From him I learned that rock oysters, true to their name, were indeed dug from rocks, and that they are found at Yaquina (pronounced Yaq*uin*na) Bay, which lies just to the southward of Cape Foulweather, about one hundred miles down the coast from the mouth of the Columbia. I was told, further, that in this bay was located Newport, the sea-side resort of Willamette Valley people, that a line of steamers plied between there and San Francisco, that rock oysters were considered one of the greatest delicacies in the Portland market, and that, on account of the difficulty in obtaining them, the dealer was forced to pay six dollars per bushel for this variety, as against one dollar and a half for the ordinary oysters of the coast.

An hour later I had boarded a Southern Pacific train, and was bound for the home of the rock oyster. The route led up the broad Wil*lam*ette Valley, probably the most fertile spot of equal area on the Pacific coast, where nature is so kindly and farming is rendered so easy that thrift and energy are not indispensable to agricultural success. Hurrying southward through eighty miles of level wheat-fields, stretching to the horizon on either side, and through Salem, Oregon's somnolent capital city, the train finally halted at Corrallis (heart of the valley). Here Yaquina passengers were transferred to the Oregon and Pacific Railway, on which they would be conveyed due west over the Coast Range and down to the sea. The second half of the ride was through scenery as grandly rugged and picturesque as the first half had been flat and monotonous, and, with the crest of the range once passed, the sweltering heat of the valley was exchanged for the salt coolness of the sea-breeze, that blows with the regularity of a trade-wind every summer afternoon, and is pleasantly mingled with the odorous breath of Oregon pines.

From a hamlet handicapped by the pretentious name of Toledo, at the head of Yaquina navigation, where rail and water meet, steamer was taken for Newport, a prettily located village of summer cottages, two small hotels, and the clustered homes of divers people who gain a livelihood from the sea.

In Yaquina Bay, as in all the shallow harbors of that coast, big government dredgers were at work, and at its entrance extensive jetties were in process of construction. The engineer in charge of this work proved to be so well posted concerning rock oysters, and ready to aid the dissemination of knowledge concerning them, that early the following morning he had provided a Siletz Indian guide, warranted to follow to its end the trail of this snugly hidden game.

The way led for a mile or two along a beach of hardest sand, bordered on one side by thunderous Pacific breakers, and on the other by tall cliffs, carved by wind and water into lofty arches, deep caverns, flying buttresses, battlemented towers, and bold headlands. Here I learned that the rock oyster is only found in a reef of soft, fine-grained sandstone, located so far outside the beach that at high water it lies in the very vortex of the breakers, while at the lowest ebb it is just awash. On this occasion the tide showed so little inclination toward ebbing that for more than three hours that Siletz, with a pick on his shoulder, and I tramped the beach without discovering a single point at which the reef was accessible. The Indian had been so profuse in promises, and was now so dilatory in performance, that I was finally moved to declare my scepticism as to the existence of rock oysters at that point, and of his ability to find them if they did exist, or to recognize them when he saw them.

This proved effective. My guide gazed at me for a moment with a pained expression, but in silence, and then dashed into the breakers. He struck a few furious blows with his pick, before being knocked down and flung shoreward by an incoming sea. Ere the reflex waters could sweep him away he had regained his footing, and came toward me, drenched and dripping, but holding out a fragment of reef rock, which he silently offered in confutation of my recent assertions. It was indeed the prize for which I had sought; for snugly bedded in it were half a dozen bivalves of edible size, besides many others too small to be of value. The rock was completely honeycombed with their shell-lined burrows, and was so soft that bits of it could easily be broken off and crumbled between the fingers. On exposure to the air it so rapidly hardened that a month later, when this particular specimen was unpacked to be photographed, the point of a knife-blade could do little more than scratch it.

The shell-fish thus embedded resemble clams rather than oysters, both in appearance and taste. They evidently enter the rock when very young, and enlarge their burrows both vertically and laterally as they need increased space. No matter what size they may eventually attain, nor how much space they may excavate beneath the surface, the entrance to their snug retreat is never enlarged. It always remains about the diameter of a lead-pencil, and out through this aperture the rock oyster thrusts the neck of a molluscous giraffe, until the tiny mouth at its extremity reaches the food-containing water. The upper half of the shell is long and smooth, like that of a clam, while the lower portion is almost globular, and is externally covered with minute filelike ridges, admirably adapted to rock carving and excavation.

The rock oyster is in such demand, has thus far been discovered only within so limited an area, and so many small-fry are destroyed with every one of edible size obtained, that it is threatened with a speedy extermination, and bids fair to disappear entirely from Oregonian bills of fare within a few years. Still, the fact that it has existed and may still be found is a triumphant vindication of Congressional veracity, which, on the subject of oysters at least, ought never again to be impeached.

THE SEISMIC WAVE IN JAPAN.

No disaster chronicled in modern times, save perhaps the catastrophe of Krakatoa in 1882, when the sea swallowed entire towns, and whole tribes were buried under volcanic ashes and lava, exceeds in its wholesale destructiveness the seismic wave which swept the northeast shores of Japan on June 15 last.

What appears to have been the centre of the desolated coast-line was the little town of Kamaishi, in Iwate prefecture, about 300 miles northeast of Tokyo. For a space of about thirty miles north and south of this point all vestiges of human habitations were practically eradicated to a certain mark above the normal high-water level. In some of the official reports it is set forth that the *tsunamai*, as such waves are called in Japan, reached the height of eighty feet, but neither in Kamaishi nor any of the adjacent villages could the writer find any evidence of the water having reached an elevation of one-fourth that altitude. Nevertheless, only two houses out of nearly 300 were left standing in the village of Shiroyama, and only one in Touni; in Kamaishi itself thousands were destroyed. Before this can reach the eyes of any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY the daily papers will have furnished them with some particulars of the awful swath that was left by the visitation, but no pen could depict the scenes in some of the stricken districts, nor describe the impressions they left behind.

With the exception of the "godowns," or store-houses, built of stone, no edifices were left standing where the waters swept in. The lightly built dwellings of the humble fisher-folk—the roofs of which are covered with rocks to prevent their being blown away by the monsoons—collapsed like card castles, and crushed their wretched inmates at the first rush, and when the second wave came it mashed them all into a chaos of pulp and splinters. When seen a couple of days after the catastrophe the devastated district of Kamaishi was a drab shelving slope of débris, dotted here and there with stranded vessels, and reeking with the smell of the dead. Hundreds of coolies were grubbing amid the débris for corpses, for finding which they received fifty cents per body, *plus* their pay of fifty cents a day. Countless flocks of carrion-crows were feasting where the coolies did not disturb them. Even on the plot where the recovered corpses were laid out irregularly for possible identification, their faces covered with mats to preserve the features, the crows were pecking at the toes and fingers of the victims. It was all hopelessly and unutterably horrible. Two French missionary priests in long black soutanes were the only foreigners in the entire district, with the exception of our party of three. They stalked among the ruins for over a week, seeking the body of their *confrère*, Père Rispal, who was the only foreigner who lost his life in the 30,000 victims of the wave. Their search was fruitless.

Owing to the remoteness of the district and the almost insuperable difficulties of overland travel, it was impossible for Tokyo photographers to reach the town of Kamaishi in time to take portraits of the awful scenes that obtained for a few days after the visitation. Those that accompany this brief note were taken in the villages Shizu, Shizukawa, Hosoura, and Isatomae, in the Miyagi prefecture. From them one may gather some ideas regarding the absolute desolation on the sites of the ruined towns. It was necessary to build fires to destroy the evidences of putrefaction, because there were no disinfectants procurable. It was at high noon that the levelled towns looked most terrible. Beyond was the blue sea heaving gently, begirt by green-clad capes; near-by the yellow-drab chaos of broken timber and dried mud, the swarthy coolies and the carrion-crows; over all, even on the blue wavelets where the white bodies floated, the unconquerable stench of death and the smoke of the funereal fires. E. A. M.

MAURUS JÓKAI.

THAT was a unique and memorable celebration at Pesth in January, 1894, when the whole Hungarian nation united in saying that to Jókai, more than to any other living patriot, Hungary owed her well-being and her freedom. It was not the declaration of any single faction or class. It was a universal voice, uniting the voice of prince and peasant in an unexampled chorus of praise. And the man who was the centre of a national demonstration was not thus rewarded because he had been a great soldier or an eminent politician, although, to be sure, military and political campaigns had formed part of his long and varied experience. He was thus rewarded because he was an author whose many books had expressed the sufferings and the aspirations of his people: he had crystallized the national sentiments. And the immediate occasion of this expression of esteem was the fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of his literary activity. Moreover, this was far from being a mere rhetorical outburst. Jókai's publishers handed him 10,000 gold pieces, and an *édition de luxe* of his works issued at that time was subscribed for wherever the Magyar language was read. When individuals were too poor to make the subscription singly they formed clubs for the purpose, and even towns and communities combined to purchase this costly edition. The amount of work that he had produced in the half-century was prodigious, filling 350 volumes, of which 200 had at that time been translated into German; and he tells us there were already Swedish, English, French, Polish, Danish, Finnish, Czech, Russian, Servian, Slavonic, and Slovak versions of some of the novels. In all, to cross the boundaries of his native land, his thought has donned as its travelling suits at least fourteen different languages.

And still I think Jókai's name falls with an unfamiliar sound upon the ears of very many American readers. Even its orthography is unsettled, and standard authorities in this country and in England countenance all of the following styles at least, and perhaps still other variants: Mór Jókai or Jokaï, Jókai Mór, Maurice or Maurus or even Muarus Jókai. Now in the matter of the spelling of a proper name it is customary to allow the person who owns it, and who may make it glorious or shameful, to have the last word; and this practice seems to be reasonable in view of the fact that he, although chiefly concerned, had not the *first* word, nor indeed any voice, in its selection. The style given above as the caption of this article is preferred by the great Hungarian himself for use in America. It is the style he adopted when signing his "Literary Recollections"—an open-hearted open letter addressed to the readers of an American periodical about a year ago.

At the end of the nineteenth century an exigent race of mortals has fallen into the habit of speaking of its earth as *poor*; "This poor old earth has need of"—one thing and another. Why, the old earth, at the close of this century, is so rich that it does not fully know how much it possesses. Maurus Jókai is a valuable possession for all mortals, everywhere, and possibly for all time; yet the appearance of one of his stories in a new English translation, his *Fekete gyémántok* ("Black Diamonds," a story of a gigantic speculation in coal-mines translated by Frances A. Gerard), makes it almost necessary that one should turn to the page in the big universal ledger which shows how much is written to the earth's credit on Jókai's account. There the list of his books reads like a little library list, and the influence they have exerted has been just the noblest influence that can be ascribed to a man in any calling. The books, and the spirit of their author expressed in them, made for a splendid national regeneration. The history of literature offers few examples of success so well rounded. The history of this century shows no more imitable figure. His fortunes and his life he has held lightly; his art and his cause have been sacred. One can't help believing and barely suggesting (without too much insistence) that in America, where to-day political and social problems are not less grave than were the problems solved in the Hungarian Revolution of '48, constructive and reconstructive work may be done by the novelists. Not that they should take themselves more seriously (no, not *that*), but their art, as Jókai's experience shows, should be regarded most seriously. MARRION WILCOX.

HORACE BRADLEY.

SOME men were born for themselves, and some for their friends, and, occasionally, when one of the rare latter kind dies, the busy men and women who knew him pause to wonder how he did so much for himself while doing so much more for others. Thirty-five years are not many, yet into them Horace Bradley crowded not only a vast amount of drudgery, but more congenial work than most men put into a longer lifetime. He never ceased to belong to the gracious company of those who serve, and his chief care was that life might be a little easier for those he loved. Nevertheless, his abilities were beginning to be measured in the presidency of the Art Students' League of New York, an efficient directorship of the art department of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and the collection last year of a great art exhibit for the

Cotton States Exposition at Atlanta, his native city, when he was compelled to relax all other energies for the struggle with disease, which ended at Denver, July 22. The little group of neighbors and artists and writers who stood about his coffin in the old Dutch Churchyard at Ridgewood, New Jersey, the other day, showed how wide the range of his influence had been, and it is the desirable penalty of unselfishness that friendship and not fame usually survives the grave.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

BRYAN: THE BOY CANDIDATE.

THIS is indeed an age of prodigies.
The boy's the thing the populace to please.
Boy preachers in the pulpit stand,
Boy trumpeters are found in every band.
Boy writers write,
Boy fighters fight,
Boy singers sing,
And Spain rejoices in a boyish king.
The Czar's a boy,
And Germany is Wilhelm's toy.
And now amongst these boys galore
We have an "Orator":
A great big pink-cheeked gassy boy,
Just bubbling o'er with words and joy.
He's set his steady baby stare
Upon the Presidential chair,
Because, like boys of good intent,
He wants to be a "President."
He makes boy speeches,
In which he teaches
Boy lessons, in a boyish way.
He knows it all, nor hesitates to say
That black is white, or white is black,
If he can win a point by sailing on that tack.
He means well, as do other boys,
And merely grins to find that he annoys;
And, like most kids,
He rather likes the things the law forbids.
His sympathies go out, quite unabashed,
To those whom most deservedly the law hath lashed.
He has a liking, as have other youth,
For romance rather than for truth;
And 'stead of training with the good and true,
Prefers association with a pirate crew.
Sweet, perfect boy!
His party's joy!
Don't criticise him harshly, for, you see,
He only aims at puerility,
And in that line
His powers seem almost divine!

THOMAS E. WATSON.

THERE is more than meets the eye in the nomination by the Populists at St. Louis of Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, as the candidate for Vice-President with Bryan, in place of Sewall of Maine. It was not only the repugnance of the Populists to a man who had amassed a fortune by legitimate and recognized industry that dictated the nomination. That would have accounted for the rejection of Sewall, but not for the substitution of Watson. The substitution of Watson was demanded as a recognition of the Southern element of the Populist party. The "Ocala platform" has been as effective a formulation of the demands of the Southern Populists as the Omaha platform of the demands of the Northwestern Populists, or, as they called themselves five years ago, the Farmers' Alliance. Of the Northwestern Populists, Bryan is a favorable representative. Watson cannot be called a favorable representative of any element whatever in American citizenship, but we fear there is no denying that he is a typical and exact representative of the Southern Populists. Southern Populists, at any rate, are estopped from denying that he represents them, because it was at their importunate instance that he was substituted as the representative of Populism, pure and undefiled, instead of the respectable and solid citizen, barring his silver vein, whom what was left of the Democratic party at Chicago had unequally yoked with the standard-bearer whom the Populists, all but a few, were willing to accept. As Bryan is the political product of "fifty-cent wheat," so is Watson the political product of "five-cent cotton."

Thomas E. Watson was born in 1856, in Columbia County, Georgia. After acquiring such schooling as was to be had during and just after the civil war in the neighborhood of his native plantation, a schooling which was necessarily at that place and time very imperfect, he was sent to the Mercer "University," at Macon, for a college course, but left at the end of his Sophomore year for lack of money to go on with. For the next ten years he taught school and studied law by himself. His only regular legal training was acquired in a law-office in Augusta, and was comprised within a few weeks, at the expiration of which he was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law at the age of twenty. Being of an active and ambitious turn of mind, he turned his attention to politics. At twenty-six he was a member of the Legislature of Georgia, at twenty-eight a Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket, and at thirty-four a member of Congress, being the regular Democratic candidate, having no opponent but a Republican, whom he beat by about thirteen to one (5457 votes to 397). This was in 1892. As soon as he had taken his seat he attracted attention by breaking with his party, refusing to enter its caucus, and becoming the Populist candidate for Speaker, receiving the ten Populist votes. Presently he attracted still more attention by the spitefulness and recklessness of his assaults upon the House of which he was a member, and especially of the Southern Democrats in that House.

The innocent and famous member of that body who helplessly used the delightful Southern locution, "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" after he had been diverted from his argument by interruptions, Watson accused of being drunk. The charge, on investigation, was not sustained, but Watson not only reiterated it, but brought it against other members, and during the summer of 1892 brought out his various charges against the House in a volume entitled *The People's Party Campaign Book*. The result was that a Southern Democrat called the attention of the House to these charges by one of its members; they were investigated by a committee, including one of the Populists (Simpson of Kansas), and this committee reported that the charges were false and libellous. Their author made a profession of impenitence on the floor, and the incident was then closed. But it was not closed in the district Watson had disgraced. At the next election a respectable Democratic candidate was put up against him, where he had before practically been unopposed, and beat him by 17,772 to 12,332. In the election of 1894 Watson was again a candidate against the sitting member. Watson's conduct of the canvass was marked by great scurrility (it was a canvass of "joint debate"), and his opponent won by a larger majority than before. Watson pretended that he had been cheated, and the successful candidate challenged him to another election, resigning for the purpose of holding it, and beating Watson decisively once more. That was the last of Watson as a public man until his nomination at St. Louis. His time in the interval had been divided between his plantation and a Populist newspaper at Atlanta, of which he is the manager. Since his nomination he has evidently exulted greatly in the renewal of notoriety it has brought him, has declared his intention of standing, no matter what happens, and has cheerfully suggested that Mr. Sewall might and should put a stop to any possible difficulty by withdrawing and leaving the field to Watson.

The curious career of this demagogue is worth tracing in this detail, because it is the career of a kind of politician new in our annals, a product of the civil war and of reconstruction. This is the emancipated "cracker," the revolting and triumphant "poor white." Before the war this unhappy class was despised by the slaveholder, and despised even by the slaves, and was in a chronic condition of rage and mutiny against its oppressors. But its oppressors were also its suppressors. Once and again, even in those old days, the poor white "broke the bonds of circumstance" and emerged into conspicuousness. But his appearance was always marked by a passionate animosity against the men who were by wealth and education and social position his "betters." The "Parson Brownlow" of the war-time was a specimen of the class. Ignorant, coarse, foul-mouthed, his professed attachment to the Union was nothing but his class hatred of the Southern aristocracy. A much more important example of the same class was Andrew Johnson, of the same State, who was once inadvertently chosen to the same place for which Watson is now a candidate. The boasts he used to make about being a "plebeian" were and are unintelligible to Americans who have been brought up in regions happily exempted from the blight of slavery, and in which the class distinctions born of that pestilent influence did not exist; just as his political career is not intelligible without a reference to its guiding spirit—the hatred of the slave-holding aristocracy.

After nearly thirty years, we see the type appear again in far greater numbers and in a far more victorious condition. Tillman is the most conspicuous representative of the class. Those who have read his deplorable harangues in New York and before the convention at Chicago must have wondered at the intense hatred of a superior class which animated them, as well as at the provincial ignorance, the provincial self-conceit, and the provincial recklessness of speech which characterized them. These same qualities are equally manifested in the speeches and writings of Watson. They are the views of the white freedmen who are the new politicians of the new South, and who have for the time suppressed the men of culture, the "men of light and leading," the gentlemen, who were the political representatives of the old South. A Populistic ticket would not have been complete or representative if it had not contained a specimen of this class; and it is of this class that "Tom" Watson is a very typical specimen.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY'S SUMMER TERM.

THE summer quarter of the academic year of the University of Chicago is now in full swing, and a large attendance of students demonstrates once more the value of President Harper's idea that a university should be open for work all the year round. The students are largely school-teachers of all ages and professors from the smaller colleges of the West and South—that is, just the class of people who are likely to be most benefited by a few weeks of university atmosphere. It must be remembered that this is no summer school in the ordinary sense, but a term of regular scholastic work, under the direction of as strong a faculty as is present at any other season. It may almost be said that the faculty is at its strongest in summer, for it is supplemented then by a number of the best men of other institutions, who teach in Chicago for six or twelve weeks. A special feature of the summer work is the large number of public lectures given by resident and visiting members of the faculty. These lectures, while of a semi-popular character, are of a high educational type, and are attracting larger and larger non-university audiences as the public learns about them. As one of the courses this summer, for example, we had the eight Turnbull lectures on "Hebrew Poetry," prepared especially for the Johns Hopkins University by Dr. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, and first delivered last spring in Baltimore. The rare charm of Dr. Smith's manner, his fine scholarship, and the beauty of his literary style made these lectures a source of great pleasure to all who heard them. The wisdom of the Turnbull lectureship endowment grows more apparent every year. It has already borne fruit in the material for five volumes of the most finished and acute literary criticism in our language, three of which volumes (Stedman, Jebb, and Tyrrell) have already been published, while the two others (Norton and Smith) are likely soon to follow. In a score more years the endowment will have produced a whole library of poetical criticism of the best sort if the standard thus far maintained is not departed from.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

STARVED TO DEATH in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

THE public knows DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is the only genuine—no substitutes.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR

IMPERIAL GRANUM
UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED THE STANDARD AND BEST PREPARED FOOD IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS
UNRIVALLED FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN
FOR DYSPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. SHIPPING DEPOT JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

THE PHOTAKE CAMERA with Complete Outfit for taking and developing Six Negatives and printing Twelve Pictures. $2.50

Prepaid to any part of the U. S. for

Takes Five Pictures on glass plates at one loading (no kinky films to handle). Makes it easy to develop and finish pictures, which is half the pleasure of amateur photography, at minimum cost. Takes any kind of picture, Snap Shot, Flash Light, or Time Exposure. Has Long Focus, and will not distort. Made of seamless metal, handsomely finished. Simplest of all to operate. Gives best results. Every one tested and guaranteed. Send 2c. stamp for booklet and sample picture. Chicago Camera Co., Room 33 Garden City Blk., Chicago.

has in use proven itself one of the greatest of factors in producing a clear, clean skin, and, therefore, a perfect complexion. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headache, Racking Colds, or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

MANUFACTURED BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

For sale by all Druggists.

BULBS Hyacinths Tulips Narcissi Lilies Irises

PLANTS Azaleas Rhododendrons Palms Roses Ferns &c., &c. for Garden, Greenhouse, and Stove.

All Orders delivered *free* to any address or Railway Station in New York.

No Packing Charges!

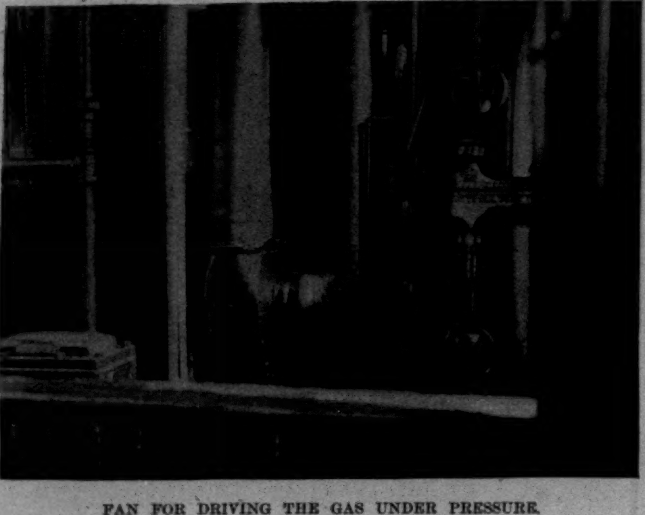
Cheap and complete Collections for **In** and **Outdoor** of **Bulbs** as well as of **Plants.**

Illustrated Catalogues in *English, French,* or *German* gratis and post free from the Growers.

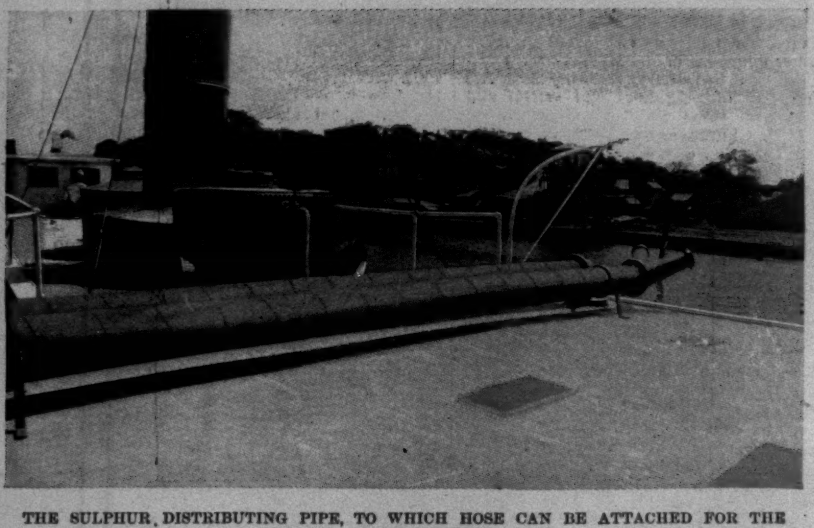
VAN MEERBEEK & CO.
OF HILLEGOM, HOLLAND.
Established 1852.
NEW YORK BRANCH: 27 State St.
(Please mention paper).

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Has long held its place in the very front of the best magazines.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*, Feb. 22, 1896.
$4.00 A YEAR
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

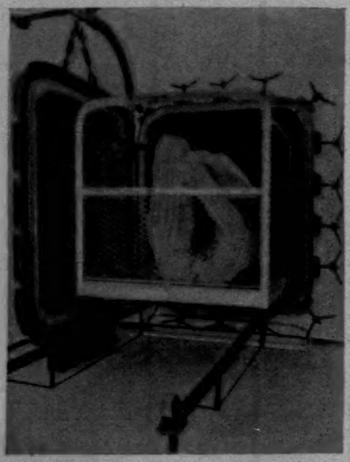


FAN FOR DRIVING THE GAS UNDER PRESSURE.

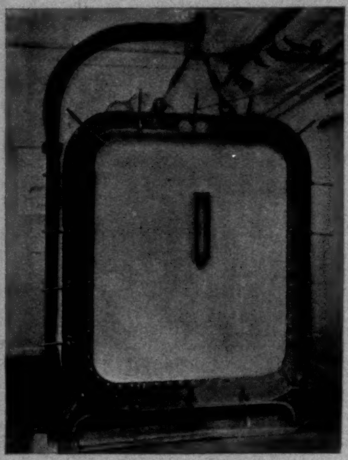


THE SULPHUR DISTRIBUTING PIPE, TO WHICH HOSE CAN BE ATTACHED FOR THE PURPOSE OF DISINFECTING SHIP.

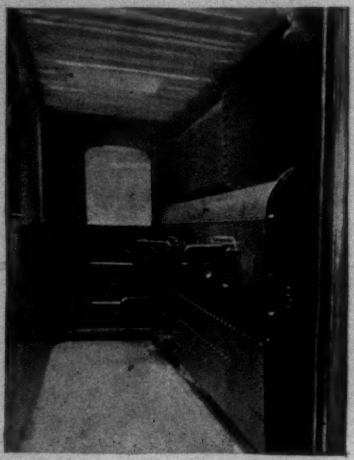
BATH-ROOMS.



THE STERILIZING OVEN OPEN, SHOWING THE IRON BASKET.



STERILIZING OVEN CLOSED.



THE SULPHUR FURNACE.

QUARANTINE'S HELPMATE IN NEW YORK HARBOR—A FLOATING DISINFECTING PLANT.—From Photographs by E. A. Austin.

A FLOATING DISINFECTING PLANT.

There is an odd-looking boat in New York Harbor, a boat that has often been seen before, but which now presents a different appearance, for she has a new purpose and a new name.

The old side-wheeler *Ripple* is now the *James W. Wadsworth*. She is named after the Congressman, a son of the famous general. Fort Wadsworth, which stands guard at the Narrows, is named after the illustrious soldier. This fort is one of the defences of the country; in its keeping lie the great city and harbor of New York. The old fort stands grim and beautiful. Army and armament are there, ready on an instant to do a nation's bidding. Close to the fort, but nearer to the city, on the bluff above the Narrows, on the Staten Island shore, is the Health Officer's headquarters. This is the boarding-station, the centre of a very extensive and vitally important system, that is one of the great safeguards of the country.

Ceaseless watchfulness and trained diligence are the price of a nation's health.

Two big yellow pipes athwartship on her upper deck, together with the tanks for containing the disinfecting fluid, give the *Wadsworth* her distinctive appearance.

Almost every one knows, nowadays, that sulphur fumes are used in disinfecting; that microbes and other forms of life are extirpated by means of bichloride of mercury, and that about 230° of heat is destructive to germ life. Modern science has placed the means at command. But to convert these several means to their present compact and complete form for work in marine transportation we are indebted to the present Health Officer of the port, Doctor Alva H. Doty. Under his supervision the new floating disinfecting apparatus has been designed and perfected, reducing to a short and simple process what has hitherto been one of the great bugbears of travel by prolonged detention at quarantine of all vessels from infected ports.

Vessels arrive from infected ports with danger lurking in every fold of clothing and bedding, and in every cranny and crevice of the ship where microbes can multiply undisturbed.

The old methods of fumigation and disinfection were more or less cumbersome and slow.

The *James W. Wadsworth*, fitted with a complete disinfecting plant, is so arranged that she can be run alongside of an infected vessel, the passengers and crew, baggage and bedding, removed to her for treatment, and the deserted vessel thoroughly disinfected and aired by means of the extensive double plant that she carries. For she is designed not only to disinfect all that is removable from the ship, but her powerful furnaces and novel apparatus can carry the disinfectants to every part of the infected vessel itself.

Even the untrained eye at once sees the completeness, compactness, and attention to detail that are apparent at every part of the boat's equipment; and that every attention has been paid to the care, comfort, and convenience of the people who may arrive to be held under suspicion.

The most noticeable thing about the boat is that she is so divided that no one entering at her stern can go forward without being subjected to the disinfecting system; even her own crew are obliged to be similarly treated before gaining access to their own quarters.

The *Wadsworth* has a large upper deck, and here the passengers will come from the infected vessel and go down to the stern. The boat has a double set of apparatus, so that men and women can be treated at the same time without delay.

Near the after-part of the vessel is a small anteroom. On either side is a disrobing-room, where the clothing is made into a bundle, checked, and then tossed through an opening into a huge iron basket. The passenger and his garments are disinfected simultaneously, the clothes being subjected to heat, while the man steps into the bath-room. The bath over, he goes to the dressing-room and receives his bundle, which has been disinfected. Dressed, he can now go forward, where a ladder leads to the forward part of the upper deck, and so back to his ship.

The steam-chest is in the central part of the boat. Above, over the receiving end, is a hatch through which the bedding and other articles are lowered. The clothing is then placed in the receiving end of the steam-chest, the door closed, and the process of disinfecting begins; when finished, the clothing, bedding, and so forth, are removed from the opposite end of the steam-chest in another room. It is in this room that the disinfecting apparatus is manipulated. Here the officer in charge can control the temperature of the water for the baths and of the steam-chest. The baths can be supplied with salt or fresh water, either hot or cold.

The sterilizing oven or steam-chest has three indicators—one that shows when a vacuum has been created by an air-pump to facilitate the action of the steam; the second, to indicate the steam pressure between the steel walls of the chest; and the third, to indicate the steam pressure within the chest proper.

The floor of each room is covered with sheet-lead, with a separate outlet pipe; rubber mats are on this floor. The walls are finished in white enamelled sheet-zinc, which can be all hosed down with the bichloride or other disinfecting solution. Every part of the boat is made tight in this way; not a crack or crevice is to be found. The windows, hatches, and ventilators are arranged to secure ventilation as nearly perfect as possible.

Every inch of space is economized, and the big sulphur furnace, with its four pans, each large enough to hold a couple of pails of sulphur, has the pipe leading from it carried up over the deck and down below again, and from thence to its final distribution. There are cocks all over the vessel—forward and aft, above and below. And water for washing or fluid for disinfecting can be carried anywhere in flexible pipes.

The quarters of the crew, which are forward, are particularly convenient, and are fitted with separate bath and toilet, and arranged to be whitewashed frequently. The officers' quarters, which are also forward, are limited, but fitted with separate shower-baths and other conveniences. The boat has many large tanks to carry a plentiful supply of fresh water, and if necessary could remain out on a prolonged cruise. The disinfecting-chest requires special mention. The anteroom where the clothing and bedding are received has movable rails to support the cradle in which the material to be disinfected is placed. The huge door is so hung that no matter how rough the water and how much motion the boat may have, one man can swing it into place and secure the fastenings. The chest occupies the centre of the after-part of the ship, and all the other rooms are built around it and divided by bulkheads. The wall of the chest is composed of an outer and inner jacket, and powerful pumps exhaust the air to make the vacuum either between the jackets or in the chest.

Of quite as much interest is the huge sulphur plant and the fan that drives the gas under pressure to the big pipe above-deck through which the sulphur fumes are carried to the ship under disinfection. The big distributing-pipe has four nozzles, and to them are attached the separate hose to carry the fumes to different parts of the quarantined ship. This system is so regulated that when enough sulphur has been used the supply can be readily turned off.

The practical tests have all been made and have proved satisfactory to the Health Officer. The boat will be placed in commission immediately.

M. E. W.

HASTY-INTRENCHMENT DRILL.

Hasty intrenching, so far as America is concerned, originated with the Indians, and was used by our soldiers in the Revolution; but it was only perfected in our civil war. It came to be imperative as rifle-fire increased in range and accuracy, so much so that Colonel Francis Greene tells us that Gurko's troops carried heavy picks and shovels, by individual preference, through the Balkan campaign; this, too, when they were freezing, starving, and had their feet done up in rags. All the European armies are now provided with intrenching tools, concerning the relative value of which there is endless discussion. Various ones have been tried experimentally in our modern army, but none adopted. This is a bad business.

The drill now is to take the knife-bayonet and the top of the Russian meat-tin, with which every soldier is provided, and while loosening the dirt with the knife, to scoop it out with the tin. This might be difficult in frozen or hard ground, and is bad for both tin and knife. The scene of my illustration fortunately afforded loose loam, and within a few moments Captain Febiger's company of infantry were out of sight in the flat prairie. They had literally sunk into the earth, and so dry and light was the dirt that it was almost invisible at 200 yards; to a casual sight it might have been gopher diggings.

The enormous penetration of modern bolts makes soldiers throw the dirt forward for nearly four feet in order to afford any protection; and modern infantry must, in the face of an enemy, go about the country like a mole—just under the sod-line. With the command to "halt" the digging begins.

Our National Guard could not dig up armory floors, but they could do this drill at the State camp; and aside from cooking, outpost work, and shooting, it is most important to a soldier to know how to get out of sight quickly.

Frederic Remington.

AMATEUR SPORT

BRITISH GOLF NOTES.

We have been passing through a season of drought in England that has not been rivalled since the notable year of the Queen's Jubilee, 1887. The consequence has been that all our inland golf greens—that is to say, those whose soil is clay, rather than the sand that the golfer loves—have not been in the pleasantest condition for play. There is the compensation that the ball on these now baked surfaces runs almost indefinitely, which is a very flattering condition for the driver. There seems no limit to the length of our drives. No doubt we are destined to a very rude awakening when the rain comes, and we shall have to do all our driving by the "carry," with little favors from the run. And in the mean time the second stroke through the green does not by any means flatter one. Unless the ball be taken absolutely clean, there is no chance of getting it well away. The slightest touch of that which we have not yet lost the habit of calling "turf" sends a jar all up the wrists and arms, and puts a strain on the best club that goes nigh to breaking it. And the approach stroke is maddening in its uncertainty, for the finest calculation cannot tell you whether you will pitch this side or that of a worm-cast, and your ball may go anywhere or nowhere, according to the angle at which it alights on this insignificant excrescence. Therefore we are perforce resorting to strange strokes—to running the ball up long distances with the putter, making a kind of rough calculation of the probable kicks, which is less deceitful than the impossible task of estimating the sort of fall that the ball is likely to meet with. And the iron approach stroke, when one is obliged to have recourse to it, is no longer a matter of cutting the ball up into the air with spin, letting the iron cleave out a piece of turf from beneath it. Cleavage of the turf has become an impossibility, and the only feasible method of lofting the ball into the air is by the use of a greatly laid-back club. Lord Wemyss, by-the-way, a golfer of the old Scottish school, has invented a club which ought to be useful on these sun-baked surfaces. He calls it the "unionist," because the notion is that it does not cleave old England to pieces, does not "separate" it, as the iron is apt to do. The club is virtually a very short wooden spoon, with face much laid back. It performs passably well most of the functions of the lofting-iron, and does not cut up the turf. In lands where turf is very precious, as we are sometimes told that it is in America, it might with advantage come into general use. In the mean time we, who fancy that we can play our irons, prefer to go on with the clubs to which we are accustomed, deeming that the turf was made for the golfer, rather than the golfer for the turf.

We have had a deal of fine professional play lately in the neighborhood of London. Willie Park finished at Richmond his match against Taylor, which was begun at Musselburgh, and the many friends he made in the States will rejoice to hear that he beat that great player, by a single hole out of the seventy-two played. At Raynes Park, where Herd was the winner of a recent competition, Taylor actually brought up the rear of the small field; yet in a far bigger field at Neusden, just a week later, Taylor was in his more accustomed position at the head of the list. These results are worth noting, if not for their intrinsic interest, at least for the measure of comfort they afford to the many golfers on both sides of the Atlantic who belong to the noble army of variable players. If the great cracks can vary so remarkably, it surely need not give any of us cause for despair that the peculiar and rare quality of golf which we individually style "our game" should be so very delusive. We may depend upon it that our progress in golf resembles, more than anything else, the flow of the tide, which is really constantly progressive, though now and again there seem to be moments of backwater, when retrogression rather than progress appears to be its character. The delight of golf, however, is that one never knows but what the next stroke may be the first of a series of infinite improvement, no matter how desperately bad the last may have been. Hope is always springing eternal, and actually is now and again realized.

Many of us in England have been busy of late shortening the lengths of our driving clubs. I think it was Major Kinloch who started the notion, and he played so well and drove so far in the course of some matches with Bernard Sayers, the North Berwick professional, on the latter's home green, that he too adopted the shorter length, and found an advantage in it. It is obvious that as a club's shaft is made shorter the weight of the head may be increased, though this is perhaps scarcely a merit in itself. Advocates of the short-shafted clubs claim that they can drive straighter and more steadily with them, and that they lose nothing in point of distance. Certainly the results that they produce speak strongly in their favor.

Alterations in shape and size of head are constantly going on, and now one shape and now another comes into favor. A dozen players are as nearly as possible equal, but if one of them has a peculiar kind of club, and happens to win the championship in a big competition, at once, in a spirit of pious imitation, half the golfers in the kingdom begin playing with his eccentric instrument, deeming that the secret of his success is concealed somewhere in his club. Just at present there seems to be a strong consensus of opinion in favor of what are called "bapp"-headed clubs. The "bapp" is a breakfast roll which you often get in Scotland, of perfectly circular shape.

The "bapp"-headed clubs are similar in shape of head, and hence the name. It is claimed for them that the great amount of wood in the head makes it drive further, and, moreover, the large flat surface helps you to bring the club-head moving flatly over the surface of the ground, without any of the up-and-down pump-handle sort of stroke into which we are so liable to drift. The rules of golf set no limit to the ingenuity of the inventor of new clubs. Mr. Lawford, who used to be famous when people played lawn-tennis, putts extraordinarily well with a T-shaped putter, swinging it pendulumwise between his legs. Many golfers threaten to bring out a billiard cue and lie down to their putts, to play them as one plays a stroke on the billiard table; and there is nothing in the rules of golf to gainsay it. Short putts could be held with great accuracy, no doubt, with a billiard cue; but, after all, even the best putting greens are not quite as level as a billiard table.

In the course of recent golf Mr. Mure Fergusson has gained the scratch medal on the Bayfleet Course. Mr. Horace Hutchinson, with a score of 79 gross, and net (with a penalty handicap of four) 83, won both scratch and handicap awards of the Prince's Golf Club at Mitcham. A tournament for a trophy given by the *Evening Telegraph*, a Scotch newspaper, for competition among members of any recognized Scotch golf club, has resulted in the victory of a young player, Mr. James Robb, of the St. Andrews Club. The tournament was played over the new course at St. Andrews. With Mr. Robb in the final was Mr. Laurence Auchterlonie, who certainly is an unfortunate golfer, for he was knocked out in the final heat of this tournament last year, and was also one of those several successive opponents whom Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, in last year's amateur championship competition, disposed of at the nineteenth hole.

London, July 25, 1896. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

SOME TIME BEFORE I DIE I want to "have it out" with the athletic freebooter; at some place, any place where interruption will be least likely—preferably the Barren Grounds.

I want to "hold up," where chance of rescue is hopeless, the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of amateur sport.

I want to analyze, where it cannot run to cover, the sordid spirit that calls loudly on the public to attest its fealty to wholesome sport, the dearest traditions of which its agents, the while, are industriously looting.

I want to bare the soul of the marauder who justifies his pillage by a professed belief in *degrees of* amateurism.

I want to dig the grave of this contemptible wretch who preaches his accursed belief to school-boys.

I want to study the mind of the disingenuous "amateur." I should like to procure a genuine measurement of the amount of respect possessed by him for himself.

IN CRITICISING THE PREVAILING TENDENCY towards professionalism in golf, this Department a few weeks ago pointed its censure by mentioning some names of offenders in the way of illustration. Subsequently, in a letter, in reply to a request for it from one of the accused, I gave details, including amount of wager played for. In reply to which the gentleman writes, "You may tell your informant it is a pure lie manufactured out of whole cloth, as I never played a foursome for one hundred dollars.... the sum was twenty-five dollars"!!

I wonder if this man really believes he is less a professional in playing for $25 than for $100. Does he honestly believe he offends the ethics of amateur sport less in one case than in the other? Certainly not. He is simply trying to make me believe it. He knows better. He knows, also, it was not the intention that was wanting to make the match for the higher stake.

AGAIN: A COLLEGE BASEBALL-PLAYER, having been reprimanded in the Department for muckerish play, writes me, "I'll admit that my affair with —— was a little *too open*." (Blank and italics mine.—C. W.) If it had not been so open, it would have been all right, according to my misguided young friend. It would, in other words, have been entirely sportsmanly and honest ball-playing to step in front of the opposing catcher and block his throw to second base.

It will be as well if our college faculties, athletic committees, and advisers, seek to educate along the spirit of the law, as well as demanding observance of its letter.

AND THAT SUGGESTS a sociological query: Why is it we seem always to have so many exhibitions of muckerism in baseball? Does this game attract a class of men of lower social stratum than the others, or does the game develop hoodlumism? My opinion is that it is the man and not the game. A sportsman is a sportsman in all games. A gentleman is a gentleman under all conditions. The urgent need of the day is in a closer, more mature supervision of the recruits and of the manner of drumming up and enlisting them. Of what use is our sport if it fails of making the manly boy and the gentleman? The question is too broad to be left entirely to captains and managers; too vital to be dependent so largely on undergraduate influence. It needs supervision—constant, unrelaxing, sportsmanly, gentlemanly (if we prefer that word, though the two are practically synonymous) supervision—on the part of faculty and *alumni*.

THE INDIFFERENCE WITH WHICH the Amateur Athletic Union views transgressions of its rules is simply a disgraceful reflection on the athletics of the United States. Hitherto it has sought precedent and solace for its derelictions in reviling the debasement of English athletes and the inactivity of the English Athletic Union under such conditions. But that consolation no longer remains, since the British organization recently disqualified its suspected athletes at one swoop—the suspended men being C. A. Bradley and A. R. Downer, the sprinters who competed last autumn in the London A. C.-New York A. C. meeting; George Crossland, F. E. Bacon, J. Watkins, and A. Blair.

It is true no such dire situation awaits the action of our national athletic body as formerly existed on the other side. Our athletics have never been so corrupt as those of England. In fact, comparison between the two has never been permissible. But ours are not above criticism. The most serious feature of our situation is that not only are we in urgent need of legislation, but our legislative body is certainly indifferent, apparently impotent, and decidedly moribund; and the most powerful club we have, viz., the New York Athletic Club, has not sufficient interest in the present and future welfare of American athletics to either come to the rescue of the Amateur Athletic Union, or, what would have much better results—rally the few remaining respectable clubs for the organization, in the interest of amateur athletics, of a new body that will honestly and fearlessly discharge its responsibility.

THE ORGANIZATION OF A NEW BODY would be much the better, because in that way, and apparently in no other, the undesirable element in the present A.A.U. could be cleaned out. It is well enough to prate of democracy, and all the rest of it, but amateur athletics will never be kept clean in this country or any other (and they must be wholesome before they will thrive) until the governing board of the national body is controlled by the best element. At present, in this country, it is controlled by the worst. Thanks to that pet Mills reorganization scheme which went into effect several years ago, there are a dozen clubs at least belonging to the A.A.U. that are out of place in any amateur organization. And they, and whoever will, offend against the ethics of amateur sport with impunity. The A.A.U. is practically a "property" figure in athletics. Its chief business seems to be the granting of a few dates for games and the holding of an annual championship, which this year, with the New York A.C. out of it, will be a farce.

There is so much a well-officered body could do. It is a shame that this great country has no other sponsor for its athletics, outside of the colleges, than this inconsequential Amateur Athletic Union. Nor does there appear to be any immediate prospect for improvement. More determined officers could at least make an attempt to compel respect for the rules, but the serious trouble rests in the balance of power being with the lower element of the Union, and nothing short of dissolution will wrest authority from this class of men.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FEATURE of the situation is that of the lower-class clubs which dominate the A. A. U. legislation not ten per cent. have any material interest in the welfare of athletics. Not half of them own club-houses or grounds, or are of any responsibility; few of them, very few, give games, and most of them are devoted to "slugging" matches.

To consider the club athletics of the United States controlled by such a crew is disturbing food for thought, surely. Contemplation of the future is not pleasing. Under the present régime matters are certain to go from bad to worse. Certain kinds of clubs are growing more unmindful every day of the A. A. U.'s laws, and the amateur status of their athletes degenerating proportionately. When the city police are obliged to raid the rooms and grounds of a club (the New York Pastime) for holding Sunday games, and that club remains in good standing with the Amateur Athletic Union, there is no need of further comment on the uselessness of the national body.

THE ATHLETIC ATMOSPHERE has become too clouded to hope for its being cleared even by the influence of the colleges. Self-preservation is now a question for collegiate consideration; and, unfortunate as it will be, the colleges generally and the Intercollegiate Association must forbid their athletes from competing in club games. That appears to be the only course if university athletics are to be kept free of professional taint.

The organization of a new athletic body on strictly amateur lines, and by the leading clubs, would clear the situation most happily. If the New York A. C., the Knickerbocker, New Jersey, Boston A. A., the Chicago A. A. and Bank Clerks' A. A. of Chicago, and the Detroit A. C. will lead the new movement, all the other desirable clubs will speedily join, and we shall end the year with promise for athletic prosperity and cleanliness in 1897.

At all events, let us hear no more jeering at the English Athletic Union; it has set a pace the American Union dare not follow.

LACK OF COURAGE cannot be charged against the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen, not at least since it abolished Class B. If ever a board had its official path beset with difficulties, including dishonest athletes, and intriguing manufacturers, that of which Mr. George D. Gideon is Chairman is the one. Never in the history of any sport has man's cupidity waged such unremittent warfare on the ethics of amateur sport. Had the Amateur Athletic Union been confronted by so complex a situation as that the L. A. W. has faced, track athletics in America would have sunk to the uttermost depravity.

Somehow bicycle-racing appears to attract a larger proportionate percentage of dishonestly inclined athletes than any other sport. It is also true of England.

It seems now that a mistake was made in permitting the erstwhile members of Class B, when that class was abolished, to join the amateur ranks. A large number of the more honest ones went at once into the professional class, but many preferred to continue masquerading, and these have given the Racing Board no end of trouble by secretly maintaining relations with the manufacturers, through which, one way and another, they are paid for riding certain wheels and certain tires.

Added to this is another class of men who receive from certain manufacturers five or ten or even more dollars for every first prize won on their make of wheel or tire.

IN SHORT, THE MANUFACTURERS APPEAR to be as diligently engaged paying many of the "amateur" racing-men this year as they were in supporting Class B last year. Nearly all the important race meets, and especially the Millburn road race, have convinced the close observer that a great deal of money is being distributed among these alleged amateur racers. Scarcely a meet is held anywhere in the country for which we do not see men in long and luxurious training whose inability to defray such expense is well known.

There is no doubt of the corruption being deep-seated and widespread. There is no doubt, either, of a very strong and equally widespread feeling of indignation by the average wheelman and sportsmen generally against the manufacturers who persist, by hiring these men, in outraging the canons of amateur sport. It is not only a question of secretly undermining the L. A. W., but of vitiating the athletic morals of many a young fellow who is perhaps too needy to resist the tempting lure, and too young or ignorant to appreciate the dishonesty involved. Laxity of morals in athletics is very apt to lead to laxity of morals in other and more serious branches of human endeavor. Only a very little practice in lying leads to its becoming habitual.

THIS IS NOT MERELY A QUESTION of Class A or Class B, or amateurism in bicycling; it is a question of morals, it is a question of principle, that applies wherever there are boys and bicycles, and touches every father in the land. Have none of these fraudulent bicycle-riders fathers? And if they have—in the name of common decency, what kind of fathers are they that permit such dishonesty in their sons? They will be shocked, no doubt, to be told their sons are getting money under false pretences, and

yet that precisely describes the malfeasance. It is quite as dishonorable to cheat in bicycle-racing as to cheat at cards. In bicycling, I suppose, offenders excuse their dishonesty on the plea that they are not injuring any individual, which is disingenuous, to say the least. Disingenuousness is the most vicious kind of lying. It tends to self-excuse the liar as well as to deceive the one to whom he lies. The simple lie deceives only one. The disingenuous liar adds malevolence to his depravity.

These bicycle and tire manufacturers that are secretly employing and paying amateur racing-men are sowing the seeds of corruption throughout the country. They ought to be boycotted by all honest men. The most rigid scrutiny is being exercised at all race meets to uncover the dishonest athletes, and most thorough investigation making to disclose the offending manufacturers. Four prominent tire-makers who are paying amateurs are pretty certainly determined upon. So much so at least that no record made on the tires of these manufacturers will be accepted. When absolute proof is forth-coming, as it will be, we shall have a black list to warn all respectable citizens whom to shun.

Meanwhile every man can aid in the good work. It is generally rather easy at provincial meets to discover the local rider who is training and riding at some one else's expense. He is usually of the ne'er-do-well type that hangs about the corners smoking cigarettes and making coarse jokes in a loud voice.

Vanderbilt University demonstrated its right to pre-eminence in Southern track athletics in winning this year, at Nashville, the first annual championship of the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association. None of the performances was remarkable, and the majority somewhat mediocre; but they are the promise of much better things next year. Alabama Polytechnic did well, winning three first places with its small team of four men, as against Vanderbilt's sixteen and Sewanee's fourteen.

The S. I. A. A. is composed of Vanderbilt University, University of the South, Cumberland University, Southwestern Presbyterian University, University of Nashville, Central University, University of Georgia, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, University of Alabama, Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, Louisiana State University, Tulane University, and University of Texas.

Of the thirteen members the following seven were represented: Vanderbilt University, University of the South, Cumberland University, Southwestern Presbyterian University, University of Nashville, Central University, and Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

It will be noticed that five of the competing colleges are located in Tennessee, and of the remaining two, one each in Kentucky and Alabama. Kentucky State College would also have been represented had that institution applied for membership to the S. I. A. A. within the prescribed time before the games. Tulane, University of Georgia, and University of Alabama were prevented from sending teams by the low financial condition of their athletic associations.

The games were held under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, and points counted as in the Western Inter-collegiate Association, namely, five for firsts, three for seconds, and one for thirds, instead of as in the Inter-collegiate (Eastern) Athletic Association, where second place gets but two points. The latter is the better system, and it is strange the Western and Southern associations have not adopted it. Fifty-two men competed, with a total of eighty-nine entries.

Vanderbilt University won first place with 4 firsts, 5 seconds, and 6 thirds, a total of 41 points; University of the South second, with 3 firsts, 3 seconds, and 3 thirds—27 points; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 15 points, with 3 firsts; Central University, 10 points—3 seconds and 1 third; Southwestern Presbyterian University, 6 points—1 first and 1 third.

A list of events, winners, and records follows:

Event.	College.	Winner.	Record.
100 yards..........	University South.	Buchanan.	18 sec.
220 yards..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Ward.	10 3-5 "
440 yards..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Davis.	24 3-5 "
880 yards..........	Ala. Poly. Inst.	Stokes.	55 1-4 "
One mile..........	Ala. Poly. Inst.	Van Ness.	2 m. 5 1-2 "
120-yard hurdles...	Ala. Poly. Inst.	Harvey.	4 " 48 "
Hammer..........	S. W. P. Univ.	Wilson.	85 ft. 9 1-2 in.
Shot..........	University South.	Colmore.	36 " 8 1-2 "
High jump..........	University South.	Buchanan.	5 " 6 3-4 "
Broad jump..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Omberg.	19 " 10 1-2 "
Pole vault..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Werlein.	9 " 2 "

As this first Southern Inter-collegiate Championship is in fact but a continuation of or a development from the Inter-collegiate Meet which Vanderbilt has successfully held for the past ten years, it will be interesting to compare the S. I. A. A. records established this year with the best made at Vanderbilt's annual games from 1886–1895:

Event.	College.	Winner.	Record.
100 yards..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Taylor, '89.	10 sec.
220 yards..........	Tulane Univ.	Eustis, '95.	23 3-4 "
440 yards..........	S. W. P. Univ.	MacFaden, '95.	54 1-5 "
880 yards..........	Univ. South.	Van Ness, '95.	2 m. 12 4-5 "
One mile..........	S. W. P. Univ.	Michel, '95.	5 " 5 3-4 "
120-yard hurdles..	Vanderbilt Univ.	Boland, '94.	18 1-4 "
Hammer..........	Tulane Univ.	Sullivan, '95.	109 ft. 4 in.
Shot..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Crutchfield, '95.	35 " 9 1-2 "
High jump..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Davis, '95.	5 " 5 3-4 "
Broad jump..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Fogg, '87.	20 " 10 1-2 "
Pole vault..........	Vanderbilt Univ.	Hanner, '93.	9 " 9 "

Athletic activity in the West did not cease with the Inter-collegiate Championships, held at Chicago, June 6. In the middle West the most important as well as most interesting event was the dual meeting between the universities of Michigan and Chicago, especial significance attaching to the result this year because of Michigan's non-appearance at the Western Inter-collegiate Championships. Michigan scored 67 points, winning eight firsts (the sprints, 880, mile run, mile walk, 120-yard hurdles, shot, and pole vault) and nine seconds, to Chicago's 50 points given by seven firsts and five seconds. No performance was notable, and, with a few exceptions, all were decidedly mediocre. The best were the sprints, won in .10⅗ and .22⅗; the quarter, in .54⅗, rather slow time in these days; and the broad jump, 21 ft. 10 in. The surprise of the meeting and the only record performance (because the previous record was so low), was the mile walk, which E. T. Gundach, of Chicago, did in 7.25⅕, thereby breaking the Western Inter-collegiate record of 7.31⅕, made by Bunnell of Minnesota University, in June last. Out of four men starting in the mile run, three were disqualified through the unrestrained ardor of their friends, who rushed on to the track, interfering with the runners at the finish.

In the Iowa State meet, which is quite a factor in Western college athletics, Grinnell won 8 firsts, 4 seconds, and 3 thirds. Some of the performances are interesting as indicating what is being done in this part of the West: 50 yards, won in .5⅗; 100 yards, .10; 220 yards, .23⅗; 440 yards, .53; 880 yards, 2.04; mile, 5.15; shot, 36 ft. 1½ in.; hammer, 102 ft. 11 in.; broad jump, 21 ft. 1½ in.; pole vault, 9 ft. 6 in.

The colleges of Indiana meeting was won by Purdue with 64 points. Some of their records: 100 yards, .10⅕; 220 yards, .23⅗; 440 yards, .52⅗; mile, 4.47⅕; 120 hurdles, 19 sec.; shot, 36 ft. 9½ in.; hammer, 105 ft.; high jump, 5 ft. 5¼ in.; broad jump, 19 ft. 5¾ in. (with weights); pole vault, 9 ft. 8½ in.

The encouraging feature in middle Western track athletics is the showing made by the schools, in which Illinois leads, followed by Wisconsin and Michigan. Not so much has been heard this year of the Ohio colleges. They were in the throes of organization when last I was West. There is abundant material in Ohio for a strong association, and evidence of united endeavor should be forth-coming.

Track athletics in the far West, on the Pacific Coast, have been stirring also, and to good purpose; for some of the best performances of the year are credited to the dual meet at Portland, Oregon, between the Multnomah A. C. of Portland and the Olympic A. C. of San Francisco. In passing I marvel a bit that a club whose disregard of the ethics of amateur sport has been so notorious could have organized a team of amateurs, or secured a date with an amateur club. I recognize the names of Stanford and California University athletes, and conclude that either the Olympic club has turned over a new leaf or the universities have turned back several. I trust the first supposition is the correct one.

Multnomah completely routed the O. A. C. team, winning nine firsts out of thirteen events, including the short sprint, both hurdles, both middle-distance runs, the mile run, both jumps, and the pole vault. But for Edgren, the University of California hammer-thrower, who won the hammer, weight, and shot, the O. A. C. would have only one first to its credit—the 220-yard dash. In points the Portland club beat the visitors 57 to 46.

Two new Coast records were established, and three notable performances contributed to their making. W. E. Tallant, M. A. A. C., did the mile in 4.31⅕, which now becomes the Pacific Coast record, and also did the half in 2.04⅗, or 1⅗ seconds better than the old Northwest record, which he also held. Indeed, the Northwest records were repeatedly broken during the afternoon. Bert Kerrigan, M. A. A. C., and W. C. Patterson, both cleared 6 ft. 2 in. in the running high jump, which becomes a Pacific Coast record; but Patterson refused to jump off the tie, and first place therefore went to his opponent. Kerrigan's jumping is quite as remarkable as was that of W. Byrd Page when the latter first put the record above six feet, some years ago. Kerrigan is only 5 feet 4¾ inches in height, weighs 119 lbs., and is eighteen years old. He has been a consistent and constantly improving performer. His first appearance was at in-door games in April, '94, when he cleared 5 ft.—decidedly praiseworthy for a novice. A year later he did 5 ft. 4. Last autumn he scored 5 ft. 8. This spring 6 ft. He is a natural jumper, and also holds the Northwest pole-vault record at 10 ft. 4 in. He is a coming champion unquestionably. Tallant, whose mile record was made on a slow track, is also a man who will give a good account of himself. He is pretty certain to run well within the twenties.

The Olympics did not appear to be at their best, John Brunton especially being out of form. He has twice done 21 ft. 6 in broad-jumping competition, but could not at Portland better 20 ft. 4¼. He holds the 220-yard Coast record at .22⅕, and is good for .51 in the quarter; but he won the 220 in .23⅕, and lost the quarter to such slow time as .55⅗.

This is a big country. One need not travel it from East to West and from North to South for convincing evidence of its immensity. It is only necessary to know how long it takes the light of civilization to reach its farthermost corners. Astronomers tell us that if the brightness of some of the stars suddenly died, to-night, for instance, their twinkle would yet be visible to us of the earth many years hence.

In some of the Southern backwoods districts they tell us the natives are yet voting for Andrew Jackson. In some sections of the middle West men are playing on semi-professional baseball nines and being paid for it without damage to their standing in the community as amateurs. In the purlieus of Boston are clubs with men who box for money and are yet amateurs; the same is true of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and of Detroit—all amateurs through the gracious offices of the Amateur Athletic Union, whose modest, flickering light is still burning, e'en though its twinkle appears lost to view beyond its own fireside, so to say.

If further illustration is needed to instance the darkness of some of the athletic corners of this great country, or the feebleness of the A. A. U. twinkle, perhaps the following gem, clipped from the Anaconda (Montana) *Standard*, will furnish it:

FOOTBALL GAME ON SUNDAY.

THE JUVENILES AND SILVER STARS WILL CONTEND FOR POSSESSION OF THE PIGSKIN.

Next Sunday, at the park, there will be a football game between the Juveniles and the Silver Stars, both amateur teams of this city. The game will be for $50 a side, and will be, no doubt, hotly contested. The young men who compose the two teams have in them the making of good football-players, and such a game as that proposed for next Sunday will prove a most useful developer of their ability. It is said that quite a sum of money has been already bet on the respective merits of the two teams.

And yet we wondered last autumn at the enthusiastic support accorded that all-star mercenary combination known as the Butte Football Club! Is there no editor in the great State of Montana who knows the difference between an amateur and a professional?

The Lawn-Tennis Tournaments of 1896 may not thus far have attracted as much attention as in other years, but certainly they have furnished some very interesting play. I am not of those who believe the decline in tennis interest may be entirely ascribed to the increasing activity in golf. I do not believe the decline is serious. So far as I can learn, there are about as many men and women playing tennis this year as in any previous one. The apparent lessening of interest is due to the paucity of first-class performers who, dropping out for one reason or another, leave none to take their places and to sustain the average quality of tournament play. There is, too, another reason—but of that more anon.

The feature of the early-season play was the greatly improved form of J. Parmley Paret and E. P. Fischer. Paret is a strong, consistent second-class player, who has been growing more formidable every year for the last three, and although he has beaten no really first-class men this year, he has two championships to his credit—the Southern and the New Jersey State. Fischer's career has been more brilliant. He began in the Tuxedo tournament by defeating M. D. Whitman, who had beaten Paret, and finally winning the club trophy from Malcolm Chace, 4–6, 6–2, 6–4, 6–4, after an exhibition of very clever tennis. Chace was also defeated for the New England championship by A. E. Foote, 4–6, 6–0, 6–4, 8–6. A few days later at Buffalo Fischer won over L. E. Ware, 7–5, 3–6, 6–1, 10–8, who had vanquished Paret, 8–6, 6–4, in the semi-finals. Subsequently he beat Hobart. But his victorious career was cut short in the Canadian championships by R. D. Wrenn, who beat him handily in the final round, 6–1, 6–3, 7–5, and won the championship from C. B. Neel by default. Fischer last week won the Wentworth tournament from Budlong, 6–1, 3–6, 6–3, 6–1, who had beaten Paret, 3–6, 6–3, 9–7.

After his success in Canada, which included, besides the championship, the winning of the handicap tournament against such big odds as owe forty, Wrenn's course in the Middle States championship was viewed with particular interest. He won from Richard Stevens easily enough, 6–3, 6–0, but was beaten by Clarence Hobart, 8–6, 6–3, 6–4, in the final round. Hobart had previously this season done nothing notable, but his victory over G. L. Wrenn, Jun. (Massachusetts's champion), 6–4, 2–6, 6–3, in the same tournament, gave glimpses of his old form, and when he met the ex-champion his play was irresistible, his drives especially being swift and low and well placed.

The most important match of the season to date was that between champion F. H. Hovey and ex-champion R. D. Wrenn in the Longwood tournament. Wrenn's defeat by Hobart had evidently served as a tonic, for against Hovey he played a steady, hard game from first to last, which, together with timely and beautiful lobbing, won him the match, 10–8, 2–6, 6–4, 1–6, 6–4. At all times when Hovey played up to the marvellous form of which he is capable on occasion he was unbeatable, and in the second and fourth sets swept through Wrenn like a whirlwind. But Wrenn was always steady and hard to pass, and that secured him the victory. Hovey had him 4–1 on the decisive set, and 40 love on the ninth game.

In the West the tennis season has served to demonstrate the unquestioned superiority of the Neel brothers. Together they won the doubles championship from Evert and George Wrenn—who had beaten Chase and McClellan, the ex-champions—Ware and Scudder, the Eastern team, and Waidner and Belden. Singly, Carr B. Neel won the championship, defeating George Wrenn, 6–1, 6–2, 6–4, after having previously won the Chicago Tennis Club tournament by playing seven matches without a loss, and beating both Wrenns, Belden, Slocum, Waidner, Myers, and his brother S. R. Neel.

S. R. Neel, in the same tournament, played seven matches, and lost only the one to his brother, winning from the same men as C. B.

They are a truly representative championship pair, and as both have improved since their Eastern appearance last year, they are certain to make a very strong bid for the National championship. Indeed, they have an excellent chance of winning it.

What Carr Neel's prospects are for the National singles will be the better determined after the Norwood tournament, in which he is playing this week, and where he will meet R. D. Wrenn, and Larned, who has just returned from England. This tournament is always most interesting, and this year, with its entry list including, besides the above three, Stevens, Fischer, Geo. Wrenn, and Talmage, bears significantly on the final classification of the leading players.

Apropos of summer-nine baseball-playing;—last week we deplored the report that Yale's clever first-base man, Letton, was to join the Chicago All-University team on its tour of Western resorts, and that Haughton, Harvard's first-base man, was to play on the Newton A. C. nine. It gives us great pleasure to say Letton has telegraphed us he has not and will not play on a summer nine, and that equally gratifying information has come from Haughton. Congratulations to both. We hope all the others will show equal regard for the ethics of amateur sport.

The only unknown quantity in the New York Yacht Club fleet, which set sail from Glen Cove Monday on its annual cruise, is the new Gardner schooner, built "to beat *Amorita*." Judging from the latter's recent performance, beating her will be no sinecure. We are assured interesting squadron runs; and the Goelet Cup race will provide another meeting between *Colonia* and *Emerald*, though the former appears already to have proved the faster.

Williams beat Yale twice this year in baseball—April 18, 5–4; and June 18, 11–1. I neglected to include this last week in my comment on the New England Triangular League, and it is credit enough to Williams to warrant printing, even though it come a day after the fair.

Caspar Whitney.

"THE OUANANICHE AND ITS CANADIAN ENVIRONMENT."—By E. T. D. Chambers.—Illustrated.—Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

For Children's Skin
scalp, and hair, nothing in the whole world is so cleansing, purifying, and beautifying as

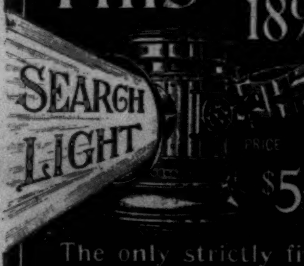
CUTICURA SOAP

purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.
For distressing facial eruptions, irritations of the scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, red, rough hands, chafings, inflammations, and simple baby rashes and blemishes, it is wonderful.
Sold throughout the world. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.
☞ "How to Purify and Beautify Baby's Skin," free.

The Perfect Bicycle
will be Strong—Light—Easy-Running—Durable—Handsome.

"Imperial Wheels"
The Go-Lightly Kind
possess these qualities in an unusual degree. Our Catalogue, which will be mailed on request, tells the story.
AMES & FROST CO., CHICAGO

This is the 1896



SEARCH LIGHT
Price $5.00
The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.
Ask your dealer or send to
BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Or 19 Murray Street, New York. 85-87 Pearl Street, Boston. 17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia.
Send for Circular No. 18.

Financial

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

GOLD SEAL = = CHAMPAGNE
EXTRA and SPECIAL DRY.
URBANA, . . . N. Y.

Pace Making is easy work when **Dixon's Cycle Chain Graphite** is used.
Send 10c. for sample stick.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

C. G. VAN TUBERGEN, Jr. HAARLEM, HOLLAND
CHOICE DUTCH BULBS AND ATTRACTIVE BULBOUS PLANTS
CATALOGUES FREE.
C. C. ABEL & CO. SOLE AGENTS — BOX 920 NEW YORK

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"VIN MARIANI IS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND EFFICACIOUS TONIC."

EMMA EAMES.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.
PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St.
52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

The Doctor Says

that a tonic is needed. Perhaps he prescribes one. If he is an intelligent, up to date physician the chances are that he advises the use of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

—the **food drink.** Malt-Nutrine is a wonderful vitalizer and flesh builder—recognized and recommended as such by the medical profession in general.

For sale by all druggists.

Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

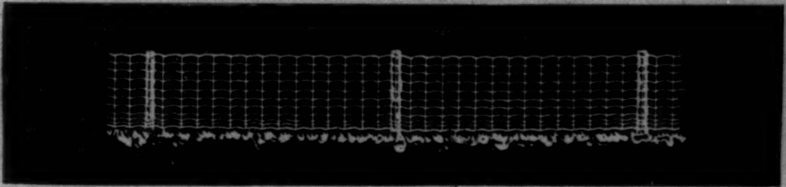
Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.
New York Depot, 24 and 27 West Street.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

GOUT.

DR. THOMAS H. BUCKLER, *of Paris (formerly of Baltimore), Suggester of Lithia as a Solvent of Uric Acid:* "I have frequently used **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** with good results in **Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout,** and **Rheumatism,** and with this object I have ordered it to Europe from Coleman & Rogers, of Baltimore. Lithia is in no form so valuable as where it exists in the Carbonate, the form in which it is found in this water."

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. **Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.**



PARK Commissioners and Owners of Game Preserves cannot fail to be interested in this. We are able to offer positive evidence that our fence is best adapted to their wants, and are making a specialty of this branch of our business. We make estimates or contracts and guarantee satisfaction.
PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

"THERE! why didn't WE THINK of that?" said a manufacturer as he noted a certain improved feature of the three New Model

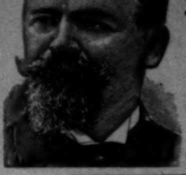
...Nos. **2, 3,** and **4**....

Smith Premier Typewriters

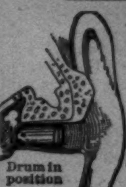
You'll be glad that somebody "thought of it" when you see it. Write for new Catalogue, etc.
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
Branch offices in twenty-nine principal cities in the United States.

No. 4711 Essence of RHINE ✦ VIOLETS
(Name Registered.)
THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES
If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get **"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"**
It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.
Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agents.

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.



DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using
Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums.
New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices { 101 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky. R. 111 1122 Broadway, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

Summer Resorts

LELAND'S OCEAN HOUSE,
NEWPORT, R. I.
WARREN LELAND, JR., MGR.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE NAME THUS *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.
Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard.
Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE.
You Would Use a Typewriter If you could buy it right.
We can sell you any of the standard makes at a saving of from 40 to 60%. Fully guaranteed. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write us for catalogue.
FOUR STORES { 1½ Barclay St., New York; 156 Adams St., Chicago; 38 Court Sq., Boston; 818 Wyandotte St., Kansas City.

Your shoe-keeper—
Brown's French Dressing
For Ladies and Children's Shoes

1:00 P. M. Leave New York; 2:40 Next Afternoon Reach Chicago—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL